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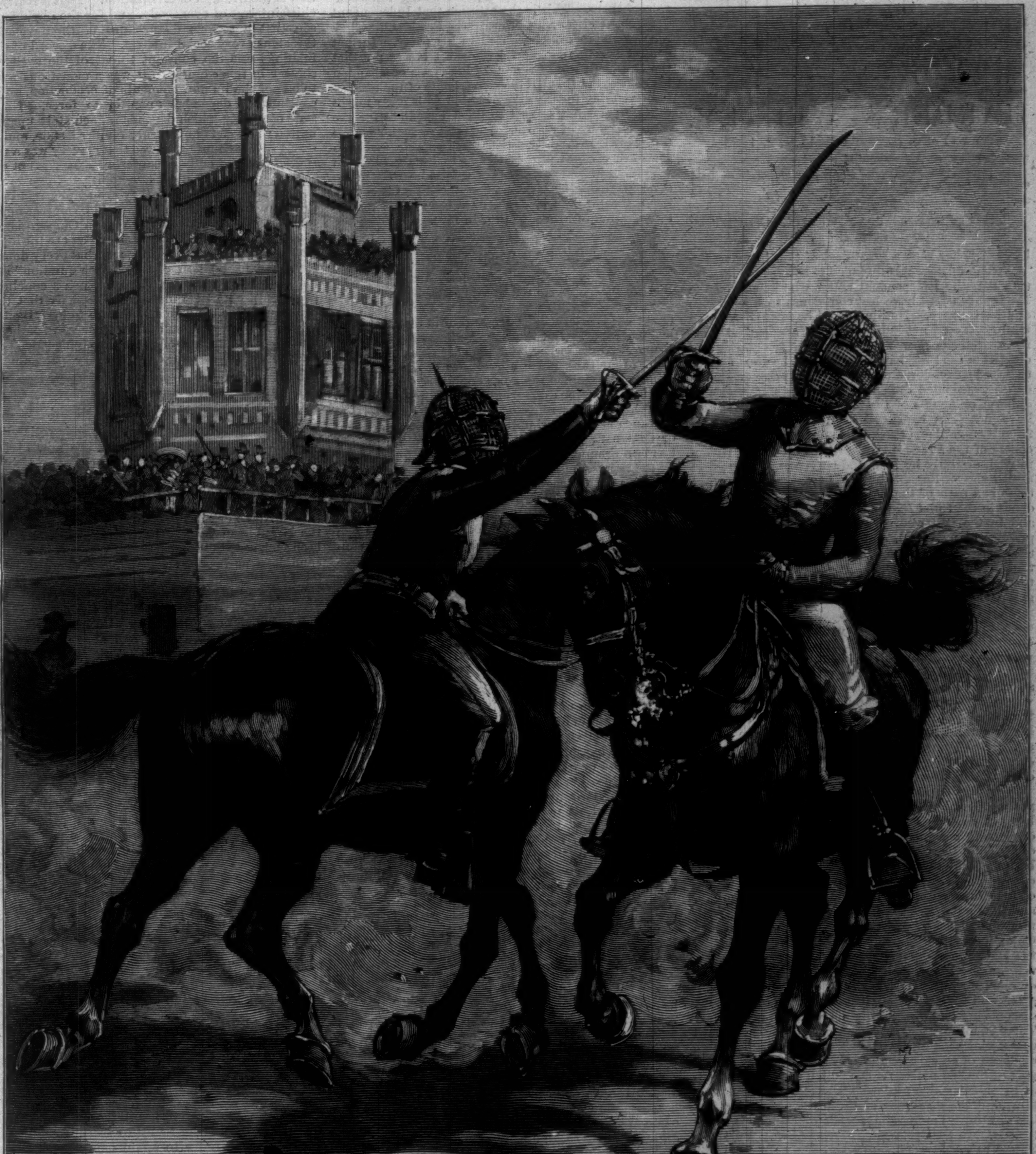

A MOUNTED SWORD CONTEST AT SAN FRANCISCO.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 327.]

"There is no other juvenile magazine—none, at least, intended both for boys and girls—which is quite equal in the interest and variety of its contents to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE."—*Academy, London.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The current number contains the first part of a story entitled "Jacket," by LUCY C. LILLIE; *the seventh instalment of "Silent Pete"; and a short story called "The New Noah's Ark," by* MRS. W. J. HAYS.

"The Rearing of Puppies" is a practical article by FRANKLIN SATTERTHWAITE, *and "A Green Mountain Boys' Club" is the title of a short article showing what country boys can do in the way of getting up an athletic club.*

The third part of "The Drawing Club" papers is given in this number. "Boys and Bumblebees" is a humorous warning against the painful experiment of "fighting out" a bees' nest. It accompanies a drawing by P. NEWELL.

The principal illustration is after the picture entitled

"HIGHWAY ROBBERY."

Other illustrations are by ALICE BARBER, W. P. SNYDER, ALICE DONLEVY, CULMER BARNES, DAN BEARD, *etc.*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1886.

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE PRESIDENT AND INDEPENDENT VOTERS.

THERE has been a great deal of talk in many Republican journals intended to convey the impression that the Independent voters who supported the President in 1884 have lost confidence in his purpose and his courage. Nothing could be farther from the truth. We do not know a single Independent journal, except the New York *Herald*, which shows any distrust of the President, or questions the great service that he has rendered to reform under circumstances of unprecedented difficulty, or whose differences of opinion or doubts of the expediency of certain acts have not been expressed in the strongest tone of friendly regard and good understanding. The general course of the President, indeed, has been heartily approved, not only by independent voters, but by great multitudes of Republicans. The consciousness that there is a man of the utmost integrity and independence in the Chief Executive office, who is essentially and in the best sense conservative and patriotic, is practically universal, and the President is unquestionably very much stronger in the popular confidence than when he was elected. His so-called concessions to the Independents or Mugwumps, which have so greatly exasperated the Democratic politicians, are in no sense whatever concessions. They are simply acts done in conformity to his own principles, always openly declared, and not only perfectly well known when he was nominated, but determining his nomination. It was because of these principles that he was selected by his party for the purpose of attracting the voters who would not support Mr. BLAINE, and in the hope that the Democratic bosses could prevent his active fidelity to his own views. These bosses and their organs, not the President, have invited the contest by trying to force him to break faith with the country and with himself.

His adhesion to his own convictions, we repeat, is not a concession to the Mugwumps, nor to any other body of voters. Concession implies bargain. Concessions in administration are made for the purpose of securing support. But such concessions have not been made by the President, nor have they been asked by Independent voters. Such voters have watched his course with the utmost interest and sympathy, and they have been fully aware of the immense practical difficulties of his position. They have seen a Chief Executive jealously opposed at every point by the Republican party, without a strong supporter either among Democratic Senators or Representatives, or among the chief Democratic leaders out of Congress, and with a large part of the press of his party discrediting and obstructing his course in every way. There is, indeed, the regulation party courtesy toward the official head of the party. But as yet there is no evidence of an earnest and effective Democratic support of the distinctive reform policy of the Democratic President which secured his nomination and election, and the disregard of the principles and methods of reform among Democratic office-holders is notorious. In this tremendous stress of weather, if the President yields a point now and again, his action is perfectly intelligible. It is with him a question of expediency—a question upon which there may be decided and honest differences of opinion. The Independent and reform voters see a manly struggle waged for their principles. They comprehend it fully. They distrust neither the President's convictions, nor his purpose, nor his steadfastness. But they do not, of course, commend what is plainly indefensible upon principles of reform, nor do they by silence, or by noting only what is well done, authorize the conclusion that they have lost the courage of their own convictions, and accept without comment violations of their declared principles.

But they differ, when they differ, as friends and colaborers bent upon a common purpose. They differ, in such cases, without distrust, and with entire consciousness that it is difference upon points of expediency and not of principle. They acknowledge, with the utmost pleasure and pride, that the President whom they helped to elect has done and is doing very much more for civil service reform, and under very much more difficult conditions, than any other President. They aid him in his contest in every practical way. They treat him with his own candor and directness. In a word, they are openly faithful to their own view, without unreasonable anticipations of his conformity to it, and with complete confidence that he will equally expect nothing unreasonable of them. This is the attitude that Independent voters have always held toward the President. They foresaw the inevitable contest in his party. In that contest lay the danger for reform. It was not that the President would renounce his views or abandon his course, but that his honest estimate of the necessity of yielding for the sake of holding his party might differ from what seemed to them expedient for the common cause of reform. The peril of such a course always is that it really satisfies neither side, and with the most upright purpose tends to isolate the man who takes it. Meanwhile they rejoice heartily in the good work that he is doing, convinced that it is very much greater than it would have been under the administration of his competitor in 1884.

THE LABOR QUESTION.

A CROWD of mere mad destructives and assassins like the anarchists cannot be said to have any purpose except general confusion and crime. Practically they are pests of society, to be disposed of in the most summary manner. But that is not all. Like the Fifth Monarchy men in England, they are signs of a situation. Like the sudden appearance of the notorious criminal class upon the Paris boulevards, they reveal the fact of serious disturbance. The pretext of the anarchists is the wrongs of labor, and their actual appearance is always simultaneous with some demand or demonstration of laboring-men. Nothing could be more prompt and decisive than the condemnation by the representatives of the labor movements of the massacre in Chicago, and their repudiation of all sympathy with mere social disorganizers is complete. The circular of Mr. POWDERLY is so temperate and wise that the fact of his high official position in one of the chief labor organizations is a matter of congratulation. It is grossly unjust to assume that there is no reason for any demand of labor because of the anarchist outbreaks, or to insist that labor organizations shall say and do nothing because miscreants will take advantage both of their words and acts to precipitate a public calamity. The anarchist element in society is not new. It has existed under every social form. But the progress of invention has made it more noxious by giving it greater means of inflicting injury.

The question of labor, as it is called, which is simply the question of an equitable division of the fruits of production among producers, is, of course, one of the most important and vital of all questions. It becomes more urgent just in the degree that the diffusion of education and political power becomes more universal. It is not to be disposed of by any mere formula, and its proper treatment requires the utmost good sense, broad intelligence, and humanity. It is, in fact, the question which will test the essential character of our civilization. Obedience to laws made by the representatives of the whole community is a fundamental condition of real social prosperity. But the condition implies that the laws are in fact the expression of the free-will of the community. If they are not, if they are suspected to be the result of bribery or coercion, the actual authority of law at once declines, and obedience to it begins to be relaxed. Yet with this decline society itself is imperiled, and hence the vital necessity of honesty, morality, and purity in politics—virtues which are the scorn of practical politicians, and which party spirit despises, but which are the chief aim of good citizens, and which are absolutely indispensable to continuous public welfare. When capital, therefore, which represents one of the elements of production, is able and disposed first to buy legislation, and then to buy the interpretation of laws by the courts, it becomes the enemy of society, disturbing the very foundation of all harmonious social understanding, and threatening violent revolution. The "railroad lobby" in our Legislatures and in Congress is spoken of lightly. But it is really the vehicle of organized corruption of the government, and it is a great public danger. So the power of a huge combination of capital to regulate the supply of coal so as vastly to enhance the profits of capital, not only without proportionate advantage to labor, but with immense disadvantage by raising the price of coal to the consumer, is a palpable wrong to the common interest which is wholly unjustifiable, and a wrong which falls most heavily upon those who are least able to bear it.

Undoubtedly, in the case of difference between the elements of production, which, as Mr. BOWKER shows in his capital little book, are really four—land, labor, capital, and brains—labor is at a disadvantage, and deserves especial sympathy and toleration. This is not only the dictate of justice but of common-sense. Impatience with labor unions and associations and movements is not only useless, but it is unworthy of men of good sense and patriotism. A strike is a very crude and often an exceedingly unjust method of seeking redress, whether there be a real grievance or not. But the folly and the evil consequences of a strike must not be accepted as proof that the situation is precisely what it should be, and that there is no grievance whatever. The maintenance of harmonious relations among all the elements of production is the triumph of civilization. That is really the chief interest of everybody, and for the obvious reason that a serious disturbance of those relations threatens every social interest. The discord of these relations was the constant threat of the system of slavery in this country. It was a monstrous wrong to one of the human elements of production, and its continuance depended upon brute force. Now a state of society which depends immediately upon the military power is not a truly civilized state, and the result in this country showed that slavery was a mere root of loss and evil and suffering. It was not even for the interest of the slave-holder. These are all very simple truths. But they are emphasized by all the events of the spring. It would be a great misfortune if the outbreak of anarchists in Chicago should lead to the conclusion that such crimes are the logical result of all labor movements, and that every demand for fair consideration of the "labor question" is an incitement to reckless massacre. Such a conclusion is an easy subterfuge for those who deny that there is any question, or who do not care to investigate it. But all good citizens will take a truer view, and agree that the maintenance of peace through justice is the highest aim that can engage every patriotic and thoughtful American.

POLITICS AND PLUNDER.

As there is no great question of public policy upon which the parties in this country are now divided, and which can serve as a rallying cry at an election, the parties will be judged by their general conduct wherever they have the responsibility of administration. Tried by this standard the Republican Legislature of New York has greatly injured the prospects of the Republican party. Its course has certainly not been such as to induce any man to support Republican candidates as for that reason more likely to secure good government than their opponents. The Republicans have had complete control of both Houses, and after a singularly barren session the account is not one of which any Republican who honestly believes the party to be necessarily and always better than the Democratic party can be proud. The Republican majority has refused for a mere party intrigue to discharge its duty of confirming or rejecting nominations which were confessedly irreproachable. It has left the great question of prison labor unsettled, entailing a serious expense upon the State to maintain prisoners in idleness. It has omitted to provide for a census; and it has defeated the bills for reform in the municipal administration of New York, which all good citizens desire; while it has passed the Aqueduct bill, which is a monstrous job; and it passed to a third reading the BRUNS bill, which provided a city ring that recalled the TWEED ring, and promised the same kind of plunder of the city treasury. The result of this action was such an uproar of public condemnation that the Assembly reversed its action, but not until its disposition had been plainly revealed.

These are things which will not be forgotten in the canvass of next autumn. A party which makes itself responsible for such offences cannot assume to be especially the party of principle and good government. A party whose legislative majority is controlled by a lobby of notorious political jobbers, who appear personally in the Chamber and supervise legislative action, cannot appeal to honest voters as worthy of support because of its profession of tender interest in the colored voters of Mississippi. The citizens of New York who desire justice and equal rights in Mississippi will seek some other method of showing their interest than by supporting Assemblymen who vote for jobbery and plunder in New York, and those who seek reform in the civil service will hardly vote for Senators who refuse to act upon admirable nominations in order to retain officers of their own party who are holding over for two or three years, and whose successors could not be assessed for the party. The pecuniary or political interests of individual Republican politicians may have been advanced by the evident disposition and action of the Legislature; but it has not secured the advantage of the party. It is precisely the spirit shown by the majority of the New York Legislature which Independent Republicans believed would be the spirit of a BLAINE administration, and which influenced many votes in 1884.

The main Republican argument against the Independents or Mugwumps was not so much that Mr. Blaine was a fit candidate, as that the Republican party was infinitely more trustworthy than the Democratic. This was a strong appeal, and undoubtedly it withheld many votes from Mr. Cleveland and gave them to Mr. Blaine. After defeat this was the appeal which Republicans should have sought to justify by their action. But they have utterly disdained such a course, so far as New York is concerned, and New York is the important State. Not only have not the dire consequences appeared that were to flow from the election of Mr. Cleveland, but the action of the Democratic majority in Congress, although practically resultless, has not directly promoted jobs and corruption, like that of the Republican majority in New York. It is a common remark of extreme Republican partisans in Congress and in the press that the party was never so strong, that it has cast out the Mugwump vipers, and has nothing before it but union, harmony, enthusiasm, and victory. We venture to doubt it. We doubt whether there are not more Republicans who voted for Mr. Blaine who are now friendly to Mr. Cleveland than Republicans who voted for Mr. Cleveland who are now disposed to support Mr. Blaine. We doubt whether the whole Irish Blaine vote of 1884 could be held for Mr. Blaine again. We doubt whether the Stalwart mind is more friendly to the Blaine candidacy than it was in 1884. We doubt whether the course of the Republican party since its defeat has renewed confidence in it, and we doubt whether the Independent vote in 1888 will not be largely increased over that of 1884. Republicans make a serious mistake who think that it is enough to say that the Democratic party is as bad as the Republican, and that nothing is to be gained by a change. That is not an argument which will commend either party to the support of intelligent voters, and merely shows how meaningless party names have become.

THE BRITISH EMPIRE AND IRELAND.

Mr. Gladstone's speech upon moving the second reading of his Irish bill was a general reply to the chief objections that have been urged against it, and a strong statement of the reasons for which it ought to be adopted. The chief objection, repeated in various forms by all the opponents of the bill, is that it is the beginning of a dissolution of the empire. This is the cry by which its adversaries hope to defeat it. To this assertion Mr. Gladstone offers a peremptory denial, and alleges that the natural effect of the bill will be to cement the union. It is the imperial union which the present situation constantly threatens, yet it is the remedy for this danger, not the danger itself, which the opponents of the bill decry. Besides this undoubted truth, Mr. Gladstone said that Mr. Parnell, the representative of the Irish demand and feeling, had declared that what he sought under the name of home rule was simple autonomy for Ireland. This statement was received with derision, and this derision expresses undoubtedly the English feeling against the bill.

It is evident from the speeches of the opposition that it regards the Irish movement as a conspiracy for separation from England, with an ultimate view of vengeance for the long woes of Ireland by a foreign alliance against the oppressor. It follows that the word of no Irish leader upon the subject can be taken. It is assumed to be deceptive unless it frankly declares this purpose. This creates what the French call an impossible situation. According to this view the English Prime Minister is endeavoring to destroy the empire under the plea of strengthening it, or he is the blind dupe of his own fatuity and of traitorous schemers craftier than himself. But if this be the actual belief of his adversaries, why do they not answer his direct challenge for an alternative policy? If, as is alleged by some of them, Ireland at the present time has no more reason to complain of the imperial government than Kent or Yorkshire, if there be perfect equality of rights, representation, and laws, why not declare that the sole necessity of the situation is the maintenance of the existing government?

Or if, as the caucus of Liberals at Mr. Chamberlain's declared, some kind of autonomy for Ireland is necessary, why do they not state what kind it shall be? When two men agree that a certain thing ought to be done at once, and one proposes a definite way of doing it, the other cannot be permitted merely to say that he prefers some other way, but doesn't know what. The theory that Mr. Parnell and the other leaders are liars, and mean something wholly different from what they say, puts an end to serious discussion of Mr. Gladstone's scheme or of any other. It remands the British Parliament to the duty of defending the country against a dangerous treasonable conspiracy; and as the theory necessarily implies that Ireland is a nest of traitors, the defeat of the bill, if it should occur, should be followed by an armed investment of the country. It is plain that defeat is apprehended by many friends of the bill, and in the event of its passage Lord Randolph Churchill openly threatens civil war in Ulster, and Mr. Chamberlain justifies it. Mr. Gladstone evidently feels the force of the objection to the exclusion of an Irish representation from the Imperial Parliament, but his suggestion of Irish attendance upon special occasions, or of the formation of a commission by each Parliament to treat of imperial interests, is vague and unsatisfactory. He is, however, a statesman of infinite resource, and he will undoubtedly make every concession which is compatible with the essential purpose of his scheme. No Parliamentary debate of this generation has been more important than that which has now opened.

A BOOK FOR EVERYBODY.

In *Economics for the People* Mr. R. R. Bowker, one of the most thorough and accurate students of economical questions, and a man of intelligent independence in political action, has prepared a very valuable and timely manual upon a subject of especial interest and attention at the present moment. His little treatise touches every point of current economical inquiry with a fulness and precision of information and a luminousness of statement which make it interesting for every reader.

The questions which it considers are those upon which every American must now be informed; and as the great multitude of readers are too busy to pursue prolonged investigations, a clear and trustworthy explanation like this, which is not superficial nor hasty nor plausible, but based upon ample and familiar knowledge of the subject, is invaluable. Mr. Bowker, as is known, is a free-trader, but there is no partisan unfairness in his presentation of the substance and argument of both sides of that controversy.

Mr. Bowker's book is an admirable illustration, as he is himself an admirable representative, of the new political epoch in this country. He is one of a great body of young Americans who have the highest sense of the duty of citizenship, and who will mould and guide the political action of the future. They understand perfectly the value of organization, and they comprehend as clearly the patriotic necessity of political independence.

NATIONAL GOOD FEELING.

A Republican ex-Confederate in Florida, in a letter to the Weekly, disclaims any sympathy with the proposed monument to the Confederacy at Montgomery, and says that he speaks for a great majority of ex-Confederate soldiers. He encloses an editorial article from an Alabama journal from which we extract the following passages:

> "If such be the purpose of the builders of this monument pile, we beg to say that there are few to contribute to the cost of its erection. It is not generally supposed that tears were shed when the Confederacy collapsed. In fact, the very suddenness of the crushing of the hollow shell convinced the world that the hearts of the people were not within it. Otherwise they would have done as George Washington proposed: 'If beaten everywhere, I will retire with the faithful soldiers that I lead, into the mountains and swamps, and wage a perpetual, if only a partisan, warfare for liberty, and I will triumph at last.'
>
> "There surely was no such feeling or purpose illustrated when Jefferson Davis fled from Richmond. On the contrary, when Lee surrendered, every musket dropped from the nerveless grasp of every Confederate hero. Forgetting the very flag he had followed, he adopted at once that of the Union. He confessed his error, and [was] true in this as in fighting for the impossible Confederacy. In honor of these Confederate soldiers we would uplift the proudest shaft that ever kissed the clouds; but not one groat would the people give to commemorate the deeds or purposes, or life or death, of that hollow mockery of the Union of our fathers. Alexander H. Stephens said of it that 'its corner-stone was human slavery.'
>
> "Lee and Jackson and their followers, the soldiers of Alabama, deserve the proudest possible monuments ever reared by human hands; but we could uplift none in attestation of love for that creation of politicians denominated the Confederacy, serving only to recall desolate, dreary days of wretched, haggard want and vice and crime and bloody deeds, of devilish hate and penury and nakedness that dug countless graves."

This is much more significant than the speeches of Davis, or the enthusiasm which greeted him. These words from Alabama confirm others which come from a son of Tennessee slave-holders:

> "Fold up the bloody shirt! We are as loyal to our glorious Union as George Washington or Daniel Webster. The war is over. Let us do what is right now, and let us all do right by each other."

That this is also the feeling of this part of the country is shown by the total failure of the attempt "to fire the Northern heart" by pointing to the reception of Jefferson Davis in Georgia. National good feeling is reciprocal in every part of the Union.

THE AUTOCRAT ABROAD.

The reception of Dr. Holmes at Liverpool and the greeting of the English press show how cordial is his welcome in England. With Dr. Holmes and Mr. Lowell as unofficial visitors, and Mr. Phelps as Minister, we cannot complain of the representation of the United States in England this year. English hospitality has been always less effusive than ours, and it has been reserved for Americans of eminence. But it is never less sincere and agreeable than ours toward Englishmen, and it is all the pleasanter because it is more discriminating.

As England salutes with respect and honor Americans who have added lustre to the literature of the common language, it is impossible not to recall with a sense of humor Sydney Smith's famous question of seventy years ago, Who reads an American book? It was an American book that opened his remarkable career in England to Mr. Lowell. It is an American book that draws England to the coast to welcome the Autocrat, and they were American books which secured for Prescott and Bancroft and Motley and Longfellow the English honors which they received.

Byron might well have felt that he was famous when his poems were read in the wilds of Niagara, and Scott when he was universally known in America, and Thackeray when the American sailor read *Pendennis* at the north pole. But no Englishman in America can understand the feeling of an American author who, in the land of Chaucer and Shakespeare and Milton, is welcomed by their countrymen, and, in his due degree, is admitted *ad eundem*.

SHARP WORDS IN SEASON.

President Cleveland's veto messages upon certain pension bills are very characteristic documents. They directly and forcibly condemn the practice of reversing in the House the decisions of the Pension Bureau, and contain a plain statement of the facts in regard to some two hundred and forty pension bills presented to him on the same day. Within the time allowed by law for their examination he found that it would be impossible for him properly to examine them. A cursory glance seemed to show that many ought probably to be disapproved. But as he could not satisfy himself, he had no alternative but to allow them to become operative without his approval. He points out the carelessness of the officers of the House in providing to put the name of Andrew Hill on the pension roll when the record of the Pension Bureau shows that it is Alfred, and in another bill that it provides for a loss for two months of the increase of pension intended. The messages show the care with which the President attends to his duty, and his readiness to reprove the carelessness of Congress without regard for its mere party effect. He is evidently of opinion that public office is a public trust.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Daniel Huntington's declaration that he will not again be a candidate for the presidency of the National Academy was made to the Academicians with much feeling and force. He will not recede from it. Under his administration the institution has become free from debt, and has purchased a valuable piece of real estate.

—The foreign announcement that the late Lord Dudley paid $16,666 each for three Sèvres porcelains does not startle Americans, who have set the precedent of paying $18,000 for a Chinese vase.

—An American novelist, who dislikes to see ink-marks on his fingers, warns his literary friends that the only possible means of escape therefrom is to use a very shallow inkstand.

—Mr. Brayton Ives has been cataloguing his valuable library, and finds that he has about six thousand volumes, the most valuable being the Gutenberg Bible, the first book ever printed. Only one other copy of it can be found in this country—that in the Lenox Library. A copy sold recently in England brought $20,000; but Mr. Ives takes pride in the fact that his copy is an inch and a half taller and an inch wider than the English specimen. His collection abounds in first editions, especially of Plato, Cornelius Nepos, the Iliad, the Odyssey, St. Augustine's *De Civitate Dei*, the Odes of Horace, and four of Cicero's works, one of them the first classic ever printed. He has gathered most of it within the last six or eight years, and principally at the sales of the Sunderland, Beckford, Hamilton, and Syston Park collections in London. Chances for adding rare books are extremely rare, but he proposes to make the most of them when they occur. Some of his curiosities have been features of the recent exhibition of bookbindings at the Grolier Club.

—Mr. D. Willis James, one of the directors and principal benefactors of the Union Theological Seminary, presented to that institution, on the occasion of its fiftieth anniversary, an oil portrait of its President, Dr. Roswell D. Hitchcock, painted by Mr. W. J. Rice. President Hitchcock appears in the gown that he wore when receiving the degree of Doctor in Divinity from the University of Edinburgh.

—Colonel David B. Sickels, formerly representative of the United States at the court of Siam, is lecturing in New York and its vicinity upon "Siam and the Siamese." He gives a graphic account of the manners and customs of this far-off land, where the white elephant is supposed to be little less than a divinity, and the king is lonesome whenever his household includes fewer than two hundred wives.

—A brother of a successful young woman physician was asked after her health. "She is only fairly well," he replied. "Her sympathy for her patients and her sense of responsibility wear on her. Male physicians, I believe, are not troubled by either. When they have treated a case they dismiss it from their attention."

—The friends of Mr. Bartley Campbell, the playwright, whose professional career until lately was brilliant, have been compelled to ask that he be put under restraint, owing to unsoundness of mind. All his successes were results of honest work and of a talent for dramatic situations. He has given pleasure to a larger number of people than any other American playwright.

—At a very successful fancy-dress reception given by Mr. George H. Boughton in London, a well-known American dramatist appeared as Purity. He was dressed in a perfectly white swallow-tail coat, and perfectly white waistcoat, trousers, socks, and shoes.

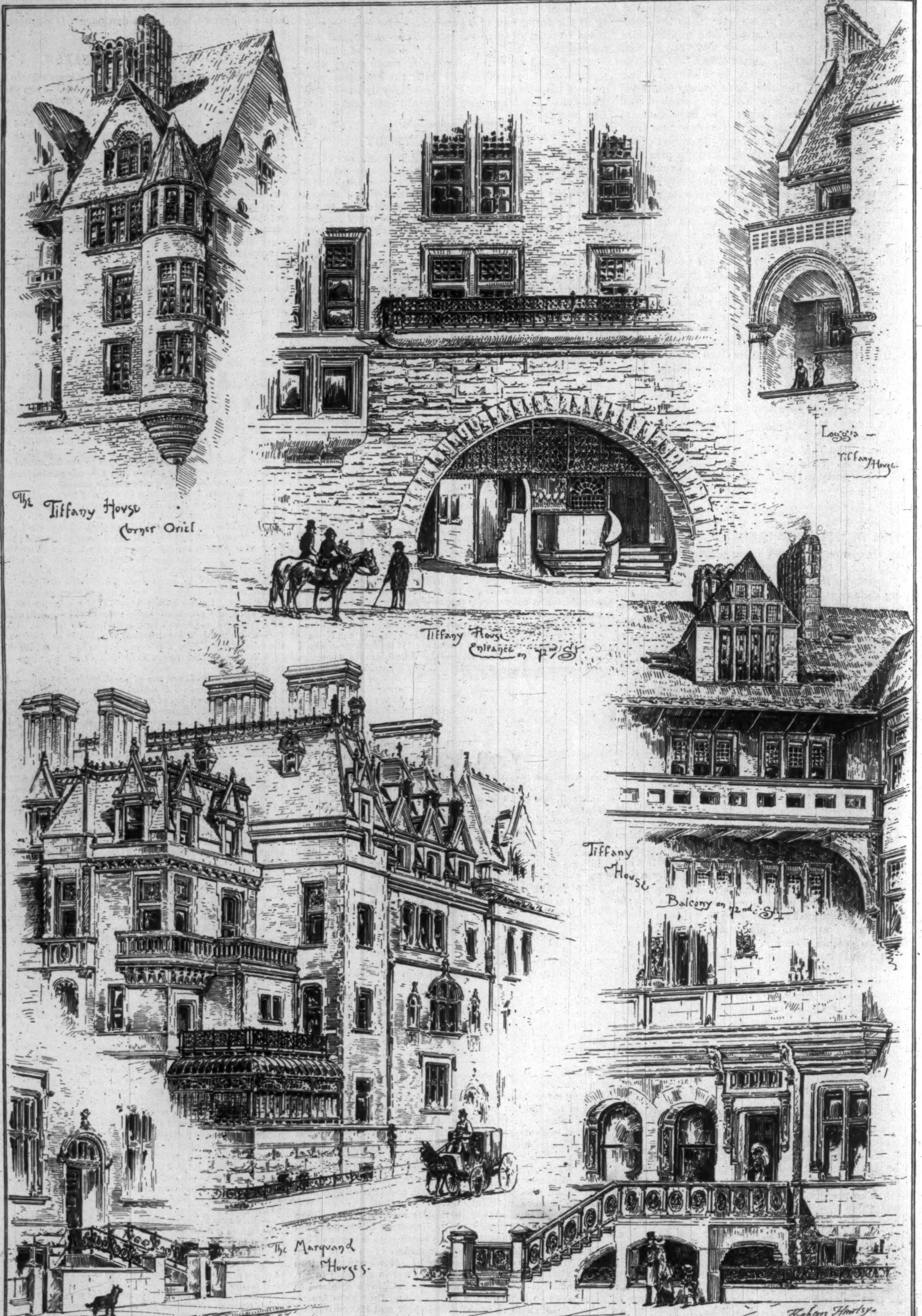
—Mr. Henry Watterson had time to show himself in excellent physical condition, after his long and serious illness, to many friends in this city, before his departure for the Alps. As usual, he caused pleasure wherever he appeared, and no passenger on board the *Normandie* received a more sincere *bon voyage*.

—Boston has gained a true work of art in the bronze statue of William Lloyd Garrison, by Olin R. Warner, which was shipped from this city a few days ago. The work weighs about three thousand pounds, and represents Mr. Garrison in colossal form, seated in an arm-chair. As a revelation of character it has many solid and noble qualities, and it deals with the commonplaceness of modern costume in a classic spirit. Its vigor reminds one of the French artist's remark that sculpture is the art of a young man.

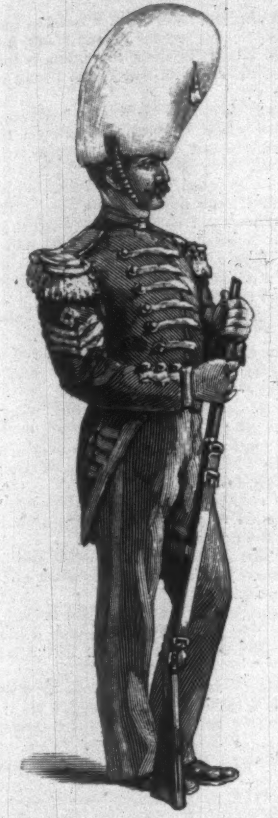
—The three latest Academicians, elected last week, are Mr. Arthur Quartley, Mr. J. Alden Weir, and Mr. C. Y. Turner; and the three latest associates, Mr. J. Carroll Beckwith, Mr. Hamilton Hamilton, and Mr. Joseph Lyman. These men are, without exception, painters of sterling merit, and their election is creditable to the judgment and of the Academy.

—Mr. James F. Sutton, president of the American Art Association, desires it to be understood that his institution is in no sense a rival to the Academy. He expresses a willingness to contribute to the funds of the Academy, if need be. His enterprise, particularly his scheme of $2000 prizes, has stimulated American artists. His idea is that public picture-galleries should be arranged to look like private ones.

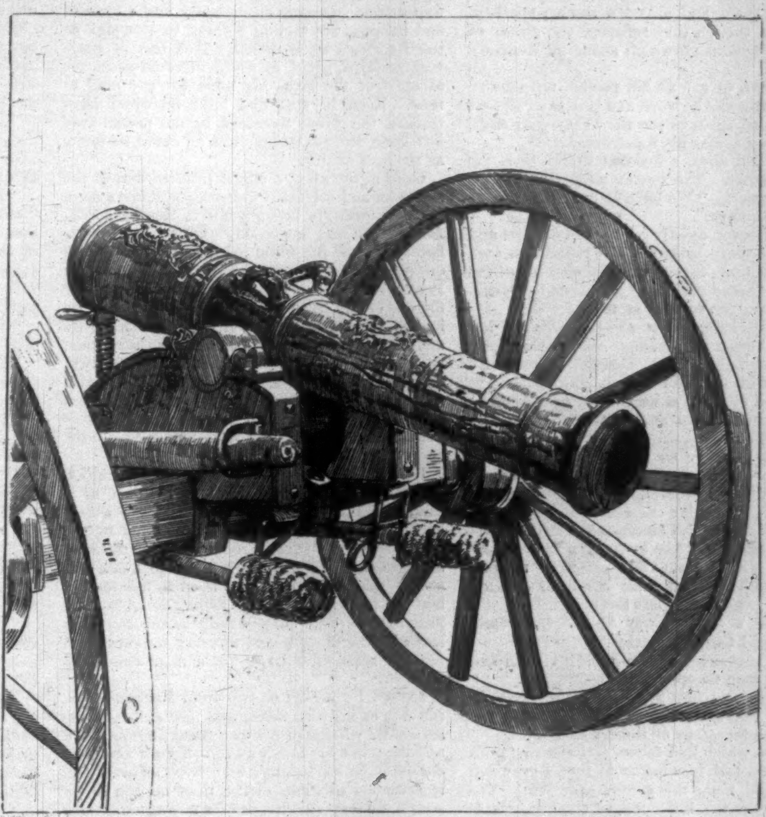
—Franz Liszt, as described by one of his young lady enthusiasts: He is the most interesting and striking-looking man imaginable—tall and slight, with deep-set eyes, shaggy eyebrows, and long iron-gray hair, which he wears parted in the middle. His mouth turns up at the corners, which gives him a most crafty and Mephistophelian expression when he smiles, and his whole appearance and manner have a sort of Jesuitical elegance and ease. His hands are very narrow, with long and slender fingers. Liszt looks as if he had been through everything, and has a face seamed with experience.


The Tiffany House
Corner Oriel
Loggia — Tiffany House
Tiffany House Entrance on 72d St.
Tiffany House
Balcony on 72nd. St.
The Marquand Houses
Entrance on Madison Avenue
Entrance on 67th St.
Hughson Hawley

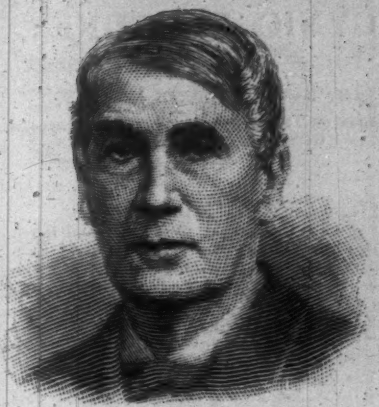
NEW YORK ARCHITECTURE—THE TIFFANY AND MARQUAND HOUSES.—Drawn by Hughson Hawley.—[See Page 331.]



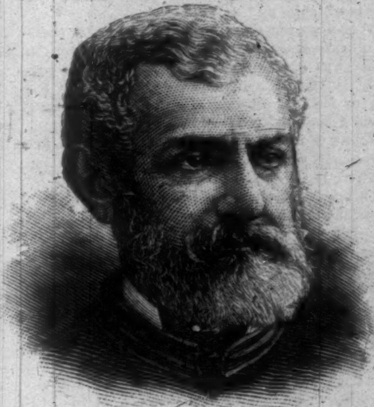
PARADE REST.



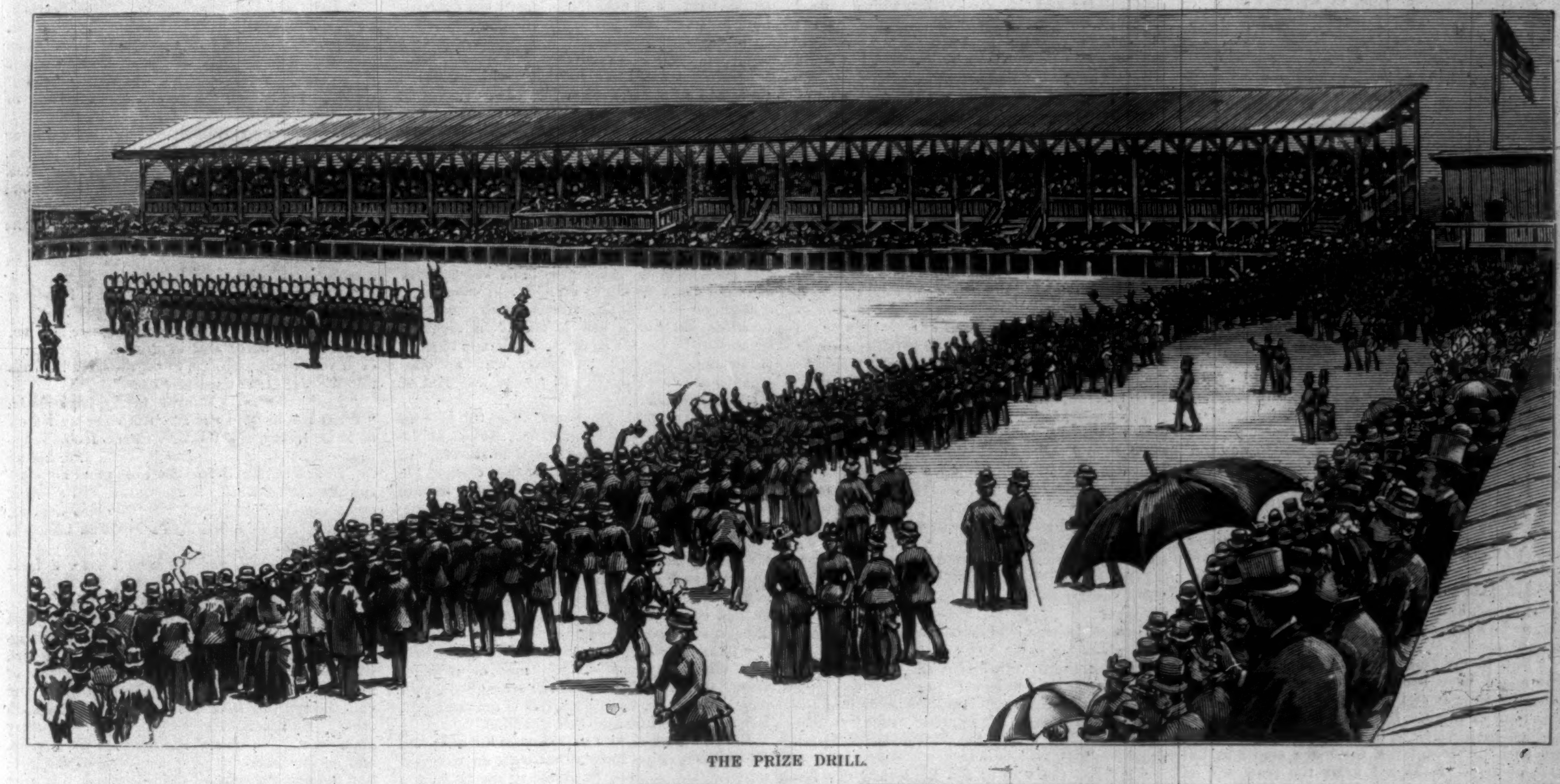
ONE OF THE WASHINGTON GUNS.



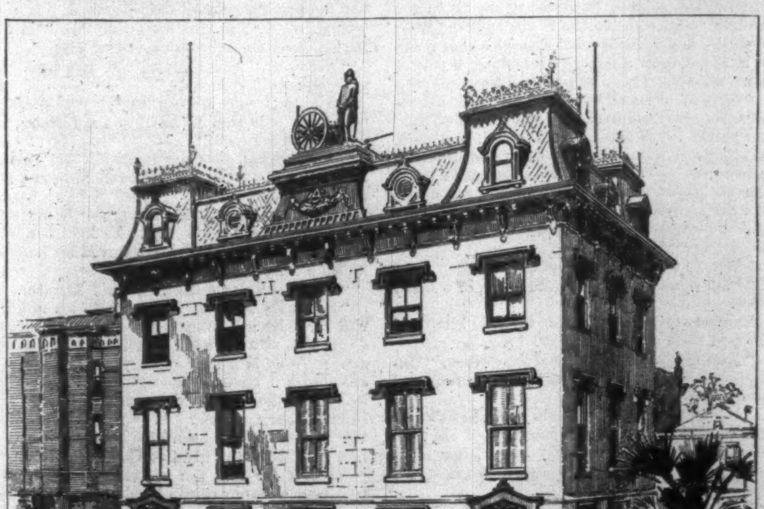
HON. JOHN E. WARD.



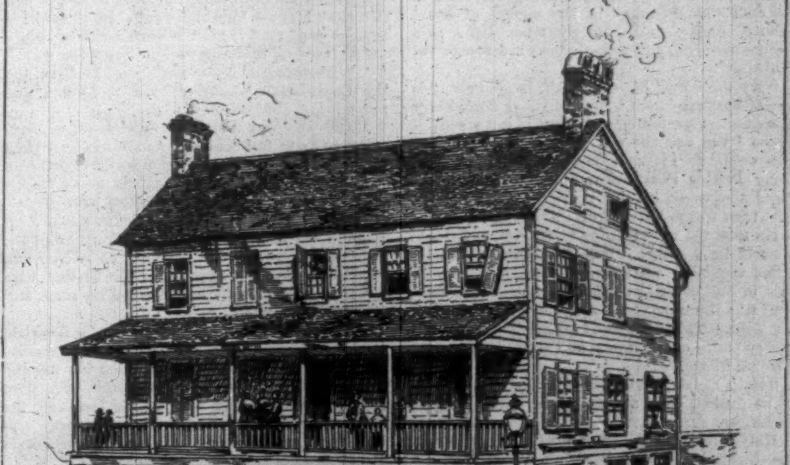
CAPTAIN JOHN F. WHEATON.



THE PRIZE DRILL.



ARMORY OF THE CHATHAM ARTILLERY.



WASHINGTON'S HEAD-QUARTERS.

THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF THE CHATHAM ARTILLERY AT SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.

DRAWN BY W. P. SNYDER AND LOUIS JOUTEL FROM SKETCHES BY HORACE BRADLEY.—[SEE PAGE 331.]

CYNIC FORTUNE:

A TALE OF A MAN WITH A CONSCIENCE.

By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY,

Author of "First Person Singular," "Rainbow Gold," "A Model Father," etc.

I.

"Good-night; good-by; bon voyage."

"Good-by; and thank you a thousand times. How many fellows are there in the world, Kenyon, who would travel a thousand miles, or thereabouts, to give an old chum the pleasure of dining with him?"

"I came to get the pleasure, not to give it."

"Well, it's like you, either way. The best-hearted fellow in the world. Good-by."

The farewells were spoken in the vestibule of the Hôtel des Postes, and the speakers were English: the one broad-shouldered, brown-bearded, bright-eyed, and florid of complexion; the other bent, pale, and meagre.

The hall porter, standing with an air of absolute unconsciousness of anybody's presence, in readiness to open the door, threw back the portal as the florid man shook his friend by the hand for the last time, and let in a gust of biting air and a cloud of melting snow-flakes.

"What a night!" said the host. "You are not going to walk, Kenyon?"

"There is no such thing as a fiacre abroad on such a night at such an hour as this," replied the other; "but I know my way. Good-night; good-by."

The door closed behind the stalwart, well-clad figure, and Robert Kenyon, bending his head to the storm, rammed his hands into the pockets of his overcoat and strode along with a mind full of pleasant fancies. He was Paris bred, and knew his way well enough; but, though Paris bred, this was his first visit to the old city for more than twenty years, and his mind, not unnaturally, was busy with memories of his student days.

He hummed laughingly, as he went along, a couplet of Barbier, which he set to an improvised tune of his own:

"Le garçon joufflu, bien frais et dans son gloire
Chantant, à plein gosier, les belles après-boire.

And, ah! the jolly days," said he—"the merry, merry days, when we were young!"

Suddenly stopping short in his walk, and speaking aloud, with the oddest and abruptest emphasis, he said, "Confound the fellow! what right has he to intrude his ugly image on one's mind?" and so walked on again.

The snow was falling heavily, and was melting as it fell. The tall, gaunt houses, unlit from roof to basement, seemed to soak the night with their own darkness; and from every roof and window-sill, and spout and gargoyle, the melting snow dripped incessantly.

"Confound the fellow!" said Kenyon, as he walked along. "I was out of tune with the night until his memory came to me; and he puts me in tune with it. A dismal tune it is, too."

Except for the constant dripping of the melting snow, and the sound of his own footsteps, the night was noiseless. A score of yards away the street gas lamps were invisible, lost in the drifting fall of futile snow, which blackened as it touched the pavement.

Kenyon, muttering, with occasional ejaculations of discontent against himself, against the object of his thoughts, and against the weather, walked on until he came to a spot where the road divided. On the left there lay a handsome, spacious street, and on the right a mere lane, leading, as he knew, to a congeries of dirty and intricate by-ways.

"Now in my student days," said he, pausing, "it might have been a dangerous business to take the shorter and directer way alone, and at this time of night. But nowadays old Nap has worked such wonders, and the new gendarmerie are such clever fellows, the place ought to be safe enough. I think I know the road, and it will save me at least a mile. Here goes!" He marched on sturdily and in silence, absorbed in his own thoughts, but in the course of some twenty minutes pulled up short beneath a projecting gas lamp and looked about him somewhat doubtfully.

"My memory," he said, half laughingly, "is less trustworthy than I fancied it. I don't know this quartier certainly, and there is not a soul of whom I can ask the way. Where could I have gone wrong? I fancy I should have held straight along Pewter Pot Street; and if that be so, I stand too much to the right. Well, then, the next turn to the left will do it."

He took the next turning to the left, and found himself in a street where the odor of decomposed vegetable matter rose heavily to his nostrils, unconquered by the falling snow. The filthy road was illumined by one solitary blotch of yellow light. This light gleamed dimly through the greasy panes of a gargote, and from within came a sound of voices.

"Help at last," said Kenyon, gayly to himself, as he pushed open a door which shrieked upon its hinges.

Half a dozen people—dull-eyed, vacuous, drunken—bleared at him sullenly as he entered. A woman, with a red handkerchief bound in slovenly picturesqueness about her head, sat behind a little counter, amidst a disorderly array of bottles and dirty glasses.

Kenyon approached and asked his way.

"Monsieur will take something to drink?" said the woman.

"But yes, if madame wishes it," said Kenyon. "Give me a small glass of cognac."

He drew from his left hand a furred glove, and the eyes of one Gustave Peltzer, a personage well known to the police of Paris, lost their vacuous and sullen glare, and all on a sudden sparkled brightly, as though they reflected the glitter of the valuable diamond which shone on Kenyon's hand.

The visitor, to get at his pocket, unbuttoned the heavy overcoat he wore, and Gustave Peltzer's eyes sparkled again to see the heavy gold chain which swung across his waistcoat.

Kenyon laid down a five-franc piece upon the wooden counter. The woman took it, and threw it into a drawer. "We have no little money here to-night, monsieur."

At this Kenyon quietly rebuttoned his coat and drew on his glove, looked calmly round him, and, for the first time, appreciated the chances of the situation. "Good madame," he responded, cheerfully enough, "be so kind as to direct me."

The woman looked from one to another of her customers before responding. She met one pair of eyes alone, the eyes of Gustave Peltzer, still glistening with the light of Kenyon's diamond in them. The other men were sunk in a drunken stupidity, and had no answer to give to her inquiring look.

"Will madame be so good as to direct me?" said Kenyon, once more naming his destination.

"But willingly," said the woman in the red head-dress. "Leaving the door, you turn to the left; you take the first street to the left, the first to the left again, and you are on the Boulevard."

Kenyon, with a casual "Thank you," touched his glass with his lips, reset it on the counter, half raised his hat, and left the place.

"That is a strange way to the Boulevard, maman," said Gustave Peltzer.

"Why," responded madame, "if it gives a poor and honest man an opportunity—"

Gustave Peltzer rose without so much as looking at the landlady, and leaving the house, followed in the footsteps of Robert Kenyon.

The snow, which had fallen persistently for an hour or two, had just begun to take a gray and feathery hold upon the greasy pavement. The dripping from the low eaves of the houses still continued, but had a dragging and relenting sound. A footstep on the flag-stones left a black oval smear; and Gustave Peltzer, with a ragged overcoat drawn tight about him, and his hat jammed low upon his brows, could not only hear the footsteps of the man before him, but could trace them as he walked.

The footsteps before him went on, with a something firm and resolute in their sound, which daunted the skulking rascal in the rear. Gustave was a jail-bird, and ill-nourished. He contrasted mentally the want of width and weight in his own starven frame with the broad shoulders, florid features, and deep chest of the man who owned the diamond and the watch chain. The contrast was unpleasing; but Gustave proposed to balance it, nursing in his right-hand pocket a brutal weapon of whalebone, heavily topped with lead. He had a lurking way with him, which would have betrayed him to a member of the protective force of any country in the world. His very step was thievish—*miching mallecho*—and his eyes shot from side to side as though he mistrusted the darkness; as, perhaps, he did.

The leader, following the directions of the woman of the restaurant, took the first turning to the left, and the first turning to the left again. He walked on, now humming a fragment of an air, now silent, until he found further progress arrested by a blank brick wall. At this he turned and looked about him, with an ejaculation of momentary ill-humor. A score of yards away a slouching figure shuffled toward him.

"My friend," he said, in his cheery English voice, "can you direct me to the Boulevard des Italiens?"

Gustave Peltzer shuffled sideways into a little alley which lay to his left.

"Holloa, there!" cried Kenyon. "Do you hear? You, there! Do you hear?"

Peltzer shuffled back from the alley into the shabby street, and approached subserviently. "Monsieur," he said, "did me the honor to address me."

"I asked the way to the Boulevard des Italiens," said Kenyon.

"Ah!" returned Peltzer. "Will monsieur permit that I show him the way? In these hard times a poor man is glad to earn a sou or two."

"Certainly," said Kenyon. "Show the way."

"Will monsieur follow me?" said Peltzer; and the Englishman assenting by a mere nod and murmur, he shuffled on before.

Half-way down the street he crossed, manœuvring so as to fall behind. At the moment when he felt himself hidden from his stalwart companion's eye, he whipped his brutal weapon from his pocket and struck a desperate blow with it.

Kenyon's hat spun into the roadway, and Kenyon himself turned upon his assailant. But the blow was repeated, and repeated so swiftly and with such force that he fell to the ground, with his arms thrown out crosswise, and lay there still as a stone.

The footpad knelt above him with a feverish, trembling haste, dragged the glove from the impassive left hand, and was fumbling for the diamond ring, when the sudden crash of a door thrown open brought him to his feet, and the sight of a figure standing in the doorway sent him flying as hard as his shaking legs could carry him.

The unintentional rescuer seemed to take in the whole situation at a glance, and raced after the flying figure; but Peltzer turned and twisted with so much dexterity that the pursuer lost him, and stood breathing hard in the roadway. In some half-minute he became aware that the pursued had doubled back upon his own course, and had returned almost to the street from which he started. He might, indeed, have returned to the street itself, for the low-browed alley in which he had taken refuge when the rescuer last caught sight of him led back to it. The new-comer took that course, glancing suspiciously into all nooks and corners, but finding nothing to give sign of the fugitive's whereabouts. This fact of itself was, perhaps, proof of some preoccupation, for at his feet the signs lay plain for any man to read. Even in that dim light he could have tracked the flying footsteps by the marks they left upon the pavement; but he never so much as thought of this.

Once in the alley, a single turn led him to the street he had originally quitted, and there a mere score of footsteps brought him to Kenyon's side. As he stood and looked down upon the prostrate figure, he saw the white left hand lying helpless on the dark cloth of the overcoat, exactly as Peltzer's hands had left it, and on one of the fingers of the hand the glimmer of a ring. He looked up and down the street, glanced swiftly and nervously at doors and windows, and then, stooping, took the helpless hand within his own, and examined the ring more closely. Then, with a new nervous look upon him, he set his arms about the prostrate man, and by a great effort lifted him and staggered with him through the open doorway.

He walked unsteadily under his heavy burden along a narrow passage, and at the end of it came ponderously in contact with a door which, being ill secured, yielded to the double weight and opened on a squalid room, lit by the flame of a single candle. A mean bed occupied one corner of this apartment, and upon it the rescuer laid the rescued. Then he looked about him, repressing his own labored breath, and listening, less with the air of a man who had just prevented robbery than with the air of a man who meditated it.

Except for a sigh or two from Kenyon's lips, the riot of his own heart, and now and then the asthmatic wheeze of his own breathing, he heard nothing; but his face was full of guilt and fear. Suddenly he started, and with steps as mean and treacherous as those of the thief he had lately scared, he traversed the narrow passage and came upon the street. There he looked about for the fallen hat, and having found it, reëntered the house, lightly and noiselessly closed the door behind him, and returned to the chamber.

II.

The room was large and bare, with plastered walls and an uncarpeted floor. It was furnished with a couple of rush-bottomed chairs, and a large unclothed wooden table, fixed to the wall by iron clamps, and supported at the outer edge by iron rods. This table was strewn with a heterogeneous assortment of books and manuscripts, bottles of glass and stone, iron and copper tubes, glittering implements of bizarre and bloodthirsty appearance, an electric machine, balls of silken twine, and a miniature furnace, with a crucible and glass retorts. Above the table was a plank of rough deal, serving as a shelf, and supporting a large jar of spirits of wine, in which grinned a dreadful something like a miniature monkey, blackened by the action of the spirit, and hideous to behold. The air was heavy with an odor which was at once acrid and greasy, like that of a dissecting-room.

The rescuer took the candle from the littered table, walked to the bedside, and looked at the injured man. At the first glance he started, and dropping upon his knees, set his face close to the other's, and peered at him eagerly for a minute or so. Then, rising slowly, with a bewildered air, he replaced the candle upon the table, seated himself mechanically, and, with his hands upon his knees, stared straight before him. In a while he again took up the candle, approached the bed, and peered at the unconscious face with short-sighted eyes. Then, again, he set down the candle and resumed his seat.

"There may be," he said, speaking in English, in a mumbling voice—"there may be stranger things than this, but of all the strange things I have ever known to happen, this is the strangest. I should know him amongst a million."

Kenyon moaned, and stirred upon the bed; and the rescuer, rising hastily, but with an exaggerated caution, stepped on tiptoe to the table, and pushing about with his hands amongst the litter of papers and miscellaneous articles which covered it, found, after a minute's searching, a pair of tinted glasses. These he polished nervously with the skirt of his coat, and then set them astride his nose. He disordered his already tangled hair, and pulled it low about his forehead; and then, standing with an air of irresolution and bewilderment in the middle of the room, looked furtively over his glasses at Kenyon, who moved and moaned again. Whilst he still stood there, Kenyon opened his eyes, and struggled, with a wild look, into a half-reclining posture.

"What's all this? Where am I?"

"Plaît-il, monsieur," said the other, in a shaky voice.

Kenyon turned his face toward him, and dropped back upon the pillow.

"Monsieur is English?" said the rescuer. "Unhappily I do not speak that language, though I read it. Monsieur said—"

"I beg your pardon," said the Englishman, speaking, this time, in the language of his companion; "I forgot I was in Paris. I remember now—I was attacked in the street—I was struck from behind."

"Yes. I came up just as you fell, or it would have gone hard with you. The man who attacked you saved himself, and I brought you in here. It is nothing serious, I fancy; but you must rest a little. But I have not yet had time to see if you are injured. Permit me, sir. I am a doctor of medicine."

"So am I," said Kenyon. "I am not much hurt, I fancy."

The rescuer passed a hand, which felt trained and skilful, about Kenyon's head.

"There is a little bleeding here," he said; "it will be well to stanch it. A cold-water compress will serve."

He turned over the contents of a tattered basket which lay in one corner of the room, and having found a piece of linen there, tore it into strips, soaked the strips in water, and bound up the wound.

"It is little," he said. "It was the fall rather than the blow which stunned you, and yet the blow was a shrewd one. There is a lump as large as an egg here."

"You are very good," said Kenyon, feebly; "and I scarcely know how to thank you." His French was fluent and correct, more English in rhythm than in accent. "But it is late, and I deprive you of your bed."

He made a motion as if to rise, but his companion's hand restrained him.

"You are not well enough to move yet. Repose a little."

The slight exertion Kenyon had made had turned his face pale, and had made his breath more irregular.

"I keep late hours always," said the rescuer, "and should not go to bed yet if I were alone. Rest a little; and then, if I can find a fiacre, you shall go home. I am afraid you will not be strong enough to walk to-night."

"You are very good," said the patient again. "I am ashamed to give you so much trouble. Did you see the man who struck me?"

"Yes. I pursued him; but he was too nimble, and I lost him. It is a bad neighborhood, and I was alone and unarmed."

"The neighborhood used to be bad enough," said Kenyon, "in my student days, when I lived here years ago; but I had thought that it was safer now."

"Your student days!" said the rescuer, drawing his chair a little nearer. "Forgive me if I am in error, but I fancy that I have the pleasure to know you. I do not recall your name, but were you not under Poul, at the Hôtel Dieu, from '57 to '60?"

"Yes," said Kenyon, turning his eyes upon him; "I was there. My name is Kenyon—Robert Kenyon."

"Ah!" said the other, quickly, "the Englishman! I remember now. I should have known before. I was there in the same years. You may not remember me. I was of another clique than yours. My name is Auguste Moreau. Your cousin," he added, "was a close comrade of mine."

Kenyon's eye travelled over the sordid litter of the room, and then returned to his companion. The rescuer continued: "Ah! you note the place. I have fallen upon evil times, Monsieur Kenyon; but your cousin and I are still close friends."

"Oh!" said Kenyon, struggling up again; "he is alive yet, is he?"

"You did not know that?" asked the other, in a voice of surprise.

"Know it?" said Kenyon. "No; I neither knew it nor cared to know it."

"I can understand that," said Auguste Moreau. "But he is poorer and in greater misery than even you would wish him to be, though all he has told me were true ten times over."

"Told you?" said Kenyon, falling back again. "What has he told you?" His voice trailed off so as he spoke, and fell into such a feeble indistinctness, that his companion rose, and, before replying, sought and found a blue phial amongst the littered contents of the table, and pouring out a carefully measured quantity into a glass, held it to the wounded man's lips, and besought him to drink.

Kenyon obeyed, and a moment later a faint flush of color touched his cheek.

"What has he told you?" he repeated then.

"He told me," said the other, "years ago, and has told me a thousand times since, that he wronged you greatly. He says you loved a young girl, you and he, and that she liked you the better of the two. It was before you came to Paris, and you, though you were cousins, barely knew each other. He invented, in his jealousy, a lying story about you. The story was believed for a time, and he had hope of being accepted by the girl; but he was discovered and disgraced. It cost him all his fortune, for his father cast him off. He has been bitterly repentant ever since."

"Naturally," said Kenyon, "he has been bitterly repentant ever since."

"Ah! sir," said Moreau, eagerly and quickly, "it is not only that he has lost his fortune; he repents the act itself."

"A scoundrel always repents the act itself," said Kenyon, "when the act itself fails, and has been punished."

"He has suffered," said Moreau—"he has suffered bitterly and profoundly. He lives in a misery as complete as this." He waved his hand to indicate the squalid room.

"I am not sorry to hear it," said Kenyon.

"Sir," said Moreau, "I am a believer in a Divine Providence. Why is it that you are struck down by a strange hand in a foreign city at my door? Why is it that at the moment when you are struck I open my door, by pure chance, to look upon the night, and am so able to save you from further violence? Why is it that, after all this lapse of years, I am able to recognize your face? This is the hand of God, Monsieur Kenyon. But for this you would not have known that your unhappy cousin lived; but for this you would never have known that he lives in misery."

"Providence," said Kenyon, feebly, but chuckling, in spite of feebleness, as he spoke, "might have brought a less disagreeable fact to mind in a less disagreeable manner."

"You will not refuse him your forgiveness now?" said Moreau—"you will not refuse him your assistance?"

"Écoutez!" said Kenyon. "The blackguard was my cousin, though we were pretty nearly strangers. I hardly knew him. It is a hundred to one that, if I met him in the street to-morrow, I should not know him now. He behaved like a rascal, not once, or twice, or thrice, but always, and consistently. I have neither pity nor help for him."

"Sir," said Moreau, "when last I saw him, and he spoke of you, he shed tears. Should I tell him of your refusal of forgiveness, he would break his heart. He blessed God that his own wicked designs were frustrated. He is conscious of the wrong he did you. He repents sincerely. Believe me, Monsieur Kenyon, he is a man with a conscience."

"I remember," said Kenyon, "that he always kept a conscience."

Moreau was silent for the space of some three or four minutes. "Let me tell him, at least," he said then, "that you forgive him. I do not think he will trouble you for more than that."

"My good sir," said Kenyon, "it would be easy to say that I forgive him; but I am in the habit of saying what I mean, and I could never mean it."

"The word would cost you little," said Moreau.

"Monsieur Moreau," said Kenyon, "I am infinitely obliged to you. Do you think you could add to all your other kindnesses by finding me a carriage?"

"You are not fit to move yet," said Moreau. "If your friends are in anxiety concerning you, I can find you a messenger, late as it is. In the mean time, you had far better rest."

Kenyon tried to rise, but his head seemed made of lead, and he fell back and lay still, groaning with impatience. "I have no friends in Paris," he said, a minute later. "There is nobody to be anxious for me here."

"That is well," said Moreau. "In an hour or two you will be better. Try to sleep." He drew himself away quietly, and taking a seat at the table, with his back turned to his patient, began to arrange the scattered manuscripts there.

"You meet my cousin Gabriel sometimes, you say?" said Kenyon.

"Often," said Moreau, dryly.

"You may tell the rascal this," said Kenyon, half groaning: "the share of the money that would have been his, if he had not behaved as he did, may be his still. It is not much, whatever he may say; but whatever it is, he can have it on one condition. Tell him to write to my lawyer, giving his address. The money shall be sent to him on one condition." He paused there.

"What condition?"

"That he makes no approach to me. Tell him that if he writes, he must make that a distinct promise, and he shall have the money."

"I will tell him," said Moreau. His fingers toyed with a little morocco case, which fell open as he played with it. A hypodermic syringe dropped from the case, and he tried its point upon his finger. "You have no other message for him?"

Kenyon made no answer; but after a while, groping with feeble hands, he managed to unfasten his overcoat, and to draw a pocket-book from his breast pocket. Opening this, he found a bundle of bank-notes, and selecting from the rest one for a hundred francs, he dropped it on the bed, and restoring the others to their place and the book to his pocket, spoke again.

Moreau's ears had been attentive to the rustle of the crisp bank paper.

"Will you permit me, Monsieur Moreau," said Kenyon, "to make you my almoner? There is much poverty in this neighborhood, doubtless; and you, as a medical man, are sure to be in close contact with it."

He searched blindly for the note, and finding it, raised it an inch or two, and Moreau accepted it.

"I thank you, sir," he said, and with that resumed his seat.

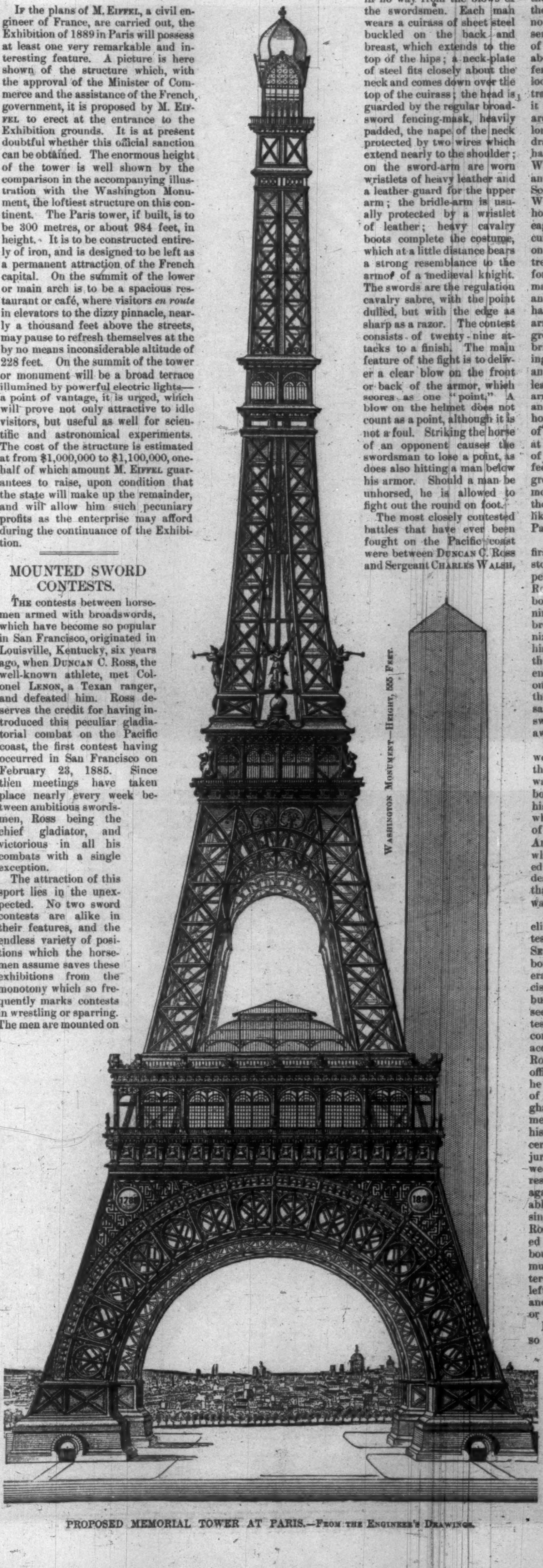
Then there was silence for a long time—a silence so profound that the dripping of the melting snow without was clearly audible. Moreau's own breathing seemed exaggeratively noisy to him. The breathing of the man upon the bed seemed loud and stertorous; and, for some reason, the rescuer's nerves were so perturbed that every now and then he started at the fancy of a third breathing, which seemed, when it touched his ears at all, to be low and smothered and irregular. He listened hard, until the constant drip, drip, dripping of the melting snow and his patient's breathing were mingled with a sound like that of a murmuring tide; but even through this there broke, or seemed to break, the real or imaginary sound of the muffled and irregular breathing of some third person near at hand. He sat for an hour like a statue, and then, turning slowly, looked toward the bed. The candle was waning fast by this time, and a great red wick toppled sideways. The room was almost dark. He snuffed the light, and taking the candle in his hand, stole stealthily, step by step, across the room, and peered once more into Kenyon's face. The wounded man was sleeping, and sleeping so soundly that even when Moreau lowered the candle to within an inch or two of his beard his eyelids did not even flicker. His breathing had settled to the steady pulse of sleep; but his inert form was no stiller than that of the waking man beside him. Suddenly, with a movement almost as noiseless as it was rapid, Moreau turned and crossed the chamber. He took from the shelf above the table a small stone bottle thickly smeared at the nozzle with yellow wax. He broke the wax away, and having removed the cork, he took the hypodermic syringe from its case, delicately inserted the point of the instrument into the bottle, and then glided like a shadow to the bed, and bent over the sleeping figure. With a touch as light as air he turned down the collar of the overcoat and bared the neck, and with one rapid motion of the thumb he shot the contents of the syringe into the selected vein. The color in the sleeper's face flickered out, a momentary tremulousness agitated the skin, and one quivering breath passed his lips.

That breath was Robert Kenyon's last.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE PROPOSED PARIS TOWER.

If the plans of M. Eiffel, a civil engineer of France, are carried out, the Exhibition of 1889 in Paris will possess at least one very remarkable and interesting feature. A picture is here shown of the structure which, with the approval of the Minister of Commerce and the assistance of the French government, it is proposed by M. Eiffel to erect at the entrance to the Exhibition grounds. It is at present doubtful whether this official sanction can be obtained. The enormous height of the tower is well shown by the comparison in the accompanying illustration with the Washington Monument, the loftiest structure on this continent. The Paris tower, if built, is to be 300 metres, or about 984 feet, in height. It is to be constructed entirely of iron, and is designed to be left as a permanent attraction of the French capital. On the summit of the lower or main arch is to be a spacious restaurant or café, where visitors *en route* in elevators to the dizzy pinnacle, nearly a thousand feet above the streets, may pause to refresh themselves at the by no means inconsiderable altitude of 228 feet. On the summit of the tower or monument will be a broad terrace illumined by powerful electric lights—a point of vantage, it is urged, which will prove not only attractive to idle visitors, but useful as well for scientific and astronomical experiments. The cost of the structure is estimated at from $1,000,000 to $1,100,000, one-half of which amount M. Eiffel guarantees to raise, upon condition that the state will make up the remainder, and will allow him such pecuniary profits as the enterprise may afford during the continuance of the Exhibition.



PROPOSED MEMORIAL TOWER AT PARIS.—From the Engineer's Drawings.

MOUNTED SWORD CONTESTS.

The contests between horsemen armed with broadswords, which have become so popular in San Francisco, originated in Louisville, Kentucky, six years ago, when Duncan C. Ross, the well-known athlete, met Colonel Lenon, a Texan ranger, and defeated him. Ross deserves the credit for having introduced this peculiar gladiatorial combat on the Pacific coast, the first contest having occurred in San Francisco on February 23, 1885. Since then meetings have taken place nearly every week between ambitious swordsmen, Ross being the chief gladiator, and victorious in all his combats with a single exception.

The attraction of this sport lies in the unexpected. No two sword contests are alike in their features, and the endless variety of positions which the horsemen assume saves these exhibitions from the monotony which so frequently marks contests in wrestling or sparring. The men are mounted on horses which are trained for the work, but are protected in no way from the blows of the swordsmen. Each man wears a cuirass of sheet steel buckled on the back and breast, which extends to the top of the hips; a neck-plate of steel fits closely about the neck and comes down over the top of the cuirass; the head is guarded by the regular broadsword fencing-mask, heavily padded, the nape of the neck protected by two wires which extend nearly to the shoulder; on the sword-arm are worn wristlets of heavy leather and a leather guard for the upper arm; the bridle-arm is usually protected by a wristlet of leather; heavy cavalry boots complete the costume, which at a little distance bears a strong resemblance to the armor of a mediæval knight. The swords are the regulation cavalry sabre, with the point dulled, but with the edge as sharp as a razor. The contest consists of twenty-nine attacks to a finish. The main feature of the fight is to deliver a clear blow on the front or back of the armor, which scores as one "point." A blow on the helmet does not count as a point, although it is not a foul. Striking the horse of an opponent causes the swordsman to lose a point, as does also hitting a man below his armor. Should a man be unhorsed, he is allowed to fight out the round on foot.

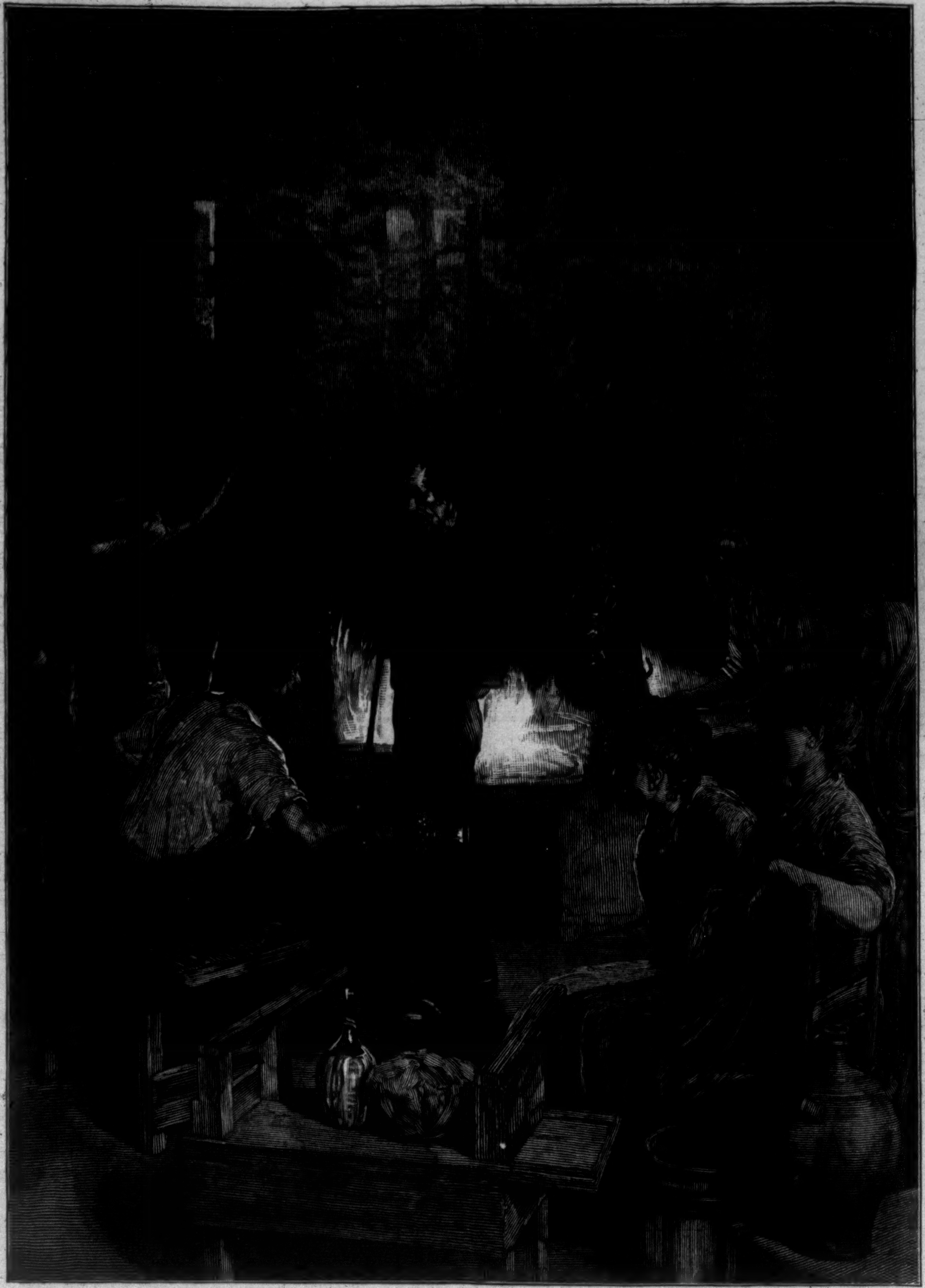
The most closely contested battles that have ever been fought on the Pacific coast were between Duncan C. Ross and Sergeant Charles Walsh, which took place on April 19 and 26, in the arena on Telegraph Hill, San Francisco, and from which the sketches for Mr. Thulstrup's picture on the front page were made. Telegraph Hill is now crowned with a turreted structure which serves at once as an observatory and a temple of Gambrinus. At the lower corner an arena, about forty feet by fifty, has been graded off and fenced in, and here, on this sightly eminence overlooking the beautiful bay, with its famous entrance, and the mountains which seem to hold it in their keeping, the gladiators meet. There are always several thousand spectators, who no longer climb up the steep slope of the hill, but are drawn up by a cable road, one section of which has a grade as steep as the roof of a house. When the appointed hour arrives the contestants appear, Ross dressed in a suit of close-fitting Scotch goods not unlike a bathing costume, while Walsh wears an ordinary business suit. The horses are champing their bits, and evidently eager to begin the fray. The clumsy-looking cuirass, which weighs about ten pounds, is buckled on, the head-mask is adjusted, the horses' accoutrements are inspected, and the men then mount for the contest. Ross is a tall, raw-boned Scotchman, a quarter of an inch over six feet in height, and weighs two hundred and thirty pounds. He has a handsome face, and the muscles of his huge arm stand out under the closely fitting shirt. With great recklessness he wears no wristlet on his bridle-arm and no gauntlet on that hand, trusting to his expertness with the sword to ward off any blows. His sword-arm is guarded only by a leather wristlet, the hand being bare. The ugly armor loses its clumsiness on his superb figure, and he wears it without constraint. He sits his horse like a Centaur, and every movement is full of grace and conscious power. Walsh is seen at a glance to be overmatched in height and reach of arm. He is a short man, standing only five feet six and a half inches in height, but he has great breadth of chest and powerful arms. When mounted he seems shorter than when on foot, and the armor, which fits Ross and makes him look like a Crusader, converts Walsh into a Sancho Panza, a mere caricature of chivalry.

At the end of the twenty-eighth bout in the first of the two contests mentioned the score stood 14 to 14. Upon the concluding bout depended the fate of the championship belt, which Ross had held against all competitors. In this bout Walsh broke down Ross's guard by a lightning-like stroke, and dealt him a blow on the breastplate, but the Scotchman refused to recognize his defeat, and made a vicious lunge with his sword. To avoid this, Walsh darted through the entrance to the arena; but he was not swift enough to escape his pursuer, who inflicted a gash on his shoulder, and himself received a cut on the chin, the wire mask giving way before the savage backward blow of Walsh. The excited swordsmen were separated, and the match was awarded to Walsh.

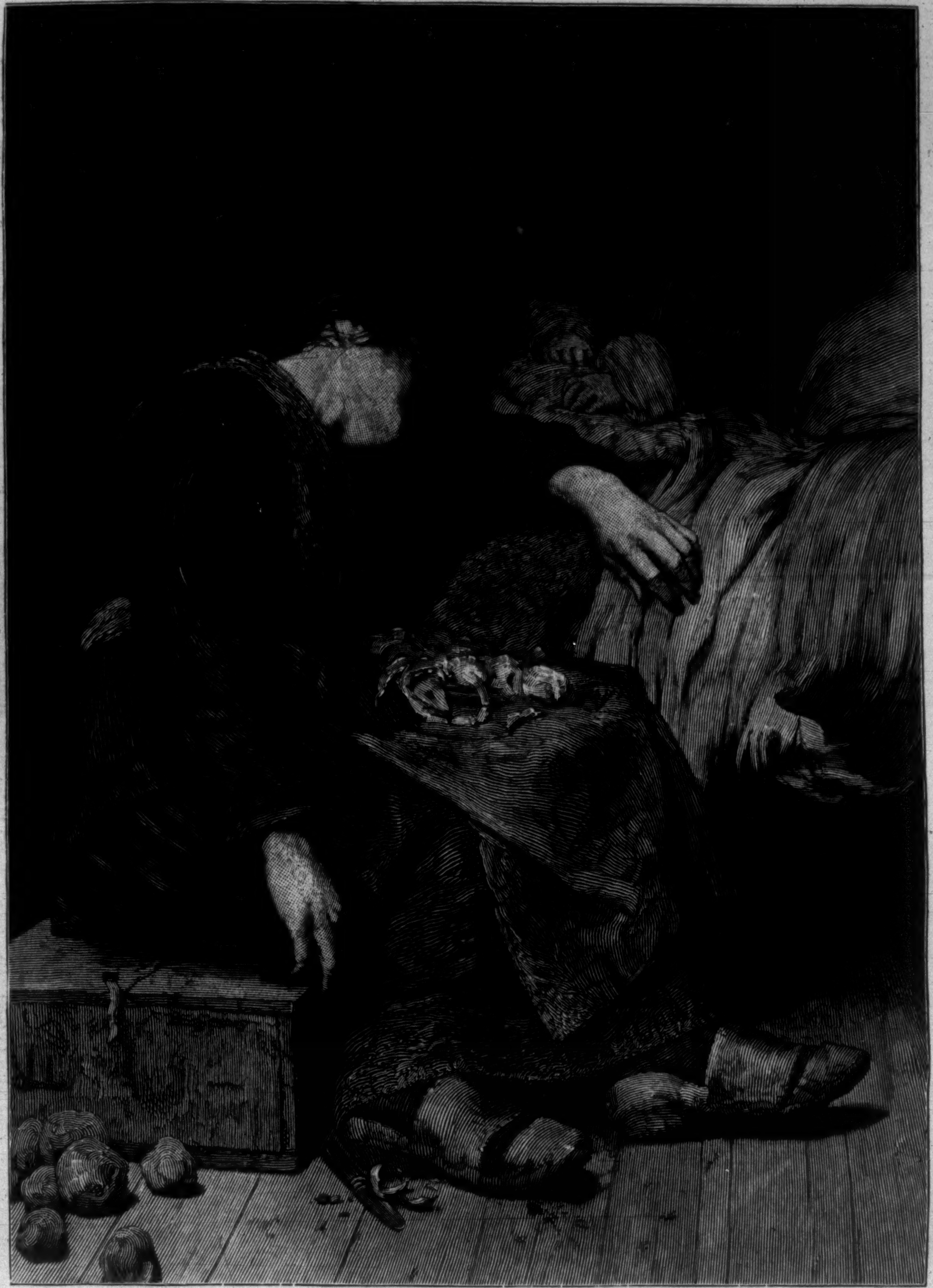
The contest which occurred in the following week was short but brilliant. From the outset the bouts were fought with savage energy. Ross was more than usually reckless, and on the sixth bout received a severe cut on the forefinger of his right hand. This injury affected his temper, which was not improved by the representative of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, who forced him to discard the spurs with which he was prodding his horse. The match ended abruptly in the nineteenth round, when Ross dealt Walsh so heavy a blow on the right arm that the muscles were rendered powerless, and he was unable to lift his sword.

Although the element of danger is largely eliminated by the armor, still these sword contests are attended with no small risk. Admiral Seymour, who commanded the British fleet at the bombardment of Alexandria, was present at several of these contests when he was in San Francisco recently. He enjoyed the swordsmanship, but he declared that in real actions he had never seen rougher work done, and he thought the contests should be prohibited. The history of sword contests in San Francisco shows several serious accidents. On April 13, 1885, in a fight between Ross and Captain E. W. Jennings, an ex-British officer, the latter's helmet slipped forward, and he received at the same time a blow on the back of the head which laid open the skull with a ghastly cut four inches long. Ross saw the helmet slip too late to omit the blow, but he held his hand to weaken the stroke, or Jennings would certainly have lost his head. As it was, the injured man lay in a critical condition for two weeks, but finally recovered. When he was fully restored to health, Jennings pluckily met Ross again in the arena, and was a second time disabled, by a blow which fell upon his wrist. In a singular match on December 28, 1885, between Ross mounted, and Major Ferguson on foot, armed with musket and bayonet, Ross in the ninth bout delivered a powerful blow which fell on the musket barrel, and the sword, gliding down, shattered the bones of the index-finger of Ferguson's left hand. Other minor accidents have occurred, and it is seldom that a match ends without one or both the contestants receiving painful cuts.

Ross received the training which makes him so dangerous a rival in the Royal Scots Greys, one of the British heavy cavalry regiments, in which he served five years. He has fought all comers in San Francisco for nearly twelve months, and the list of those he has vanquished ranges from an inspector of Australian police to an ambitious Italian tomale peddler who had fought under Garibaldi. Sergeant Walsh, the only man who has proved to be a match for the Scotchman, learned swordsmanship in the rebellion, serving in the Eighth Missouri Mounted Infantry, and afterward with Sherman in the Atlanta campaign. He has a record of eleven successful sword contests in the city of Mexico.

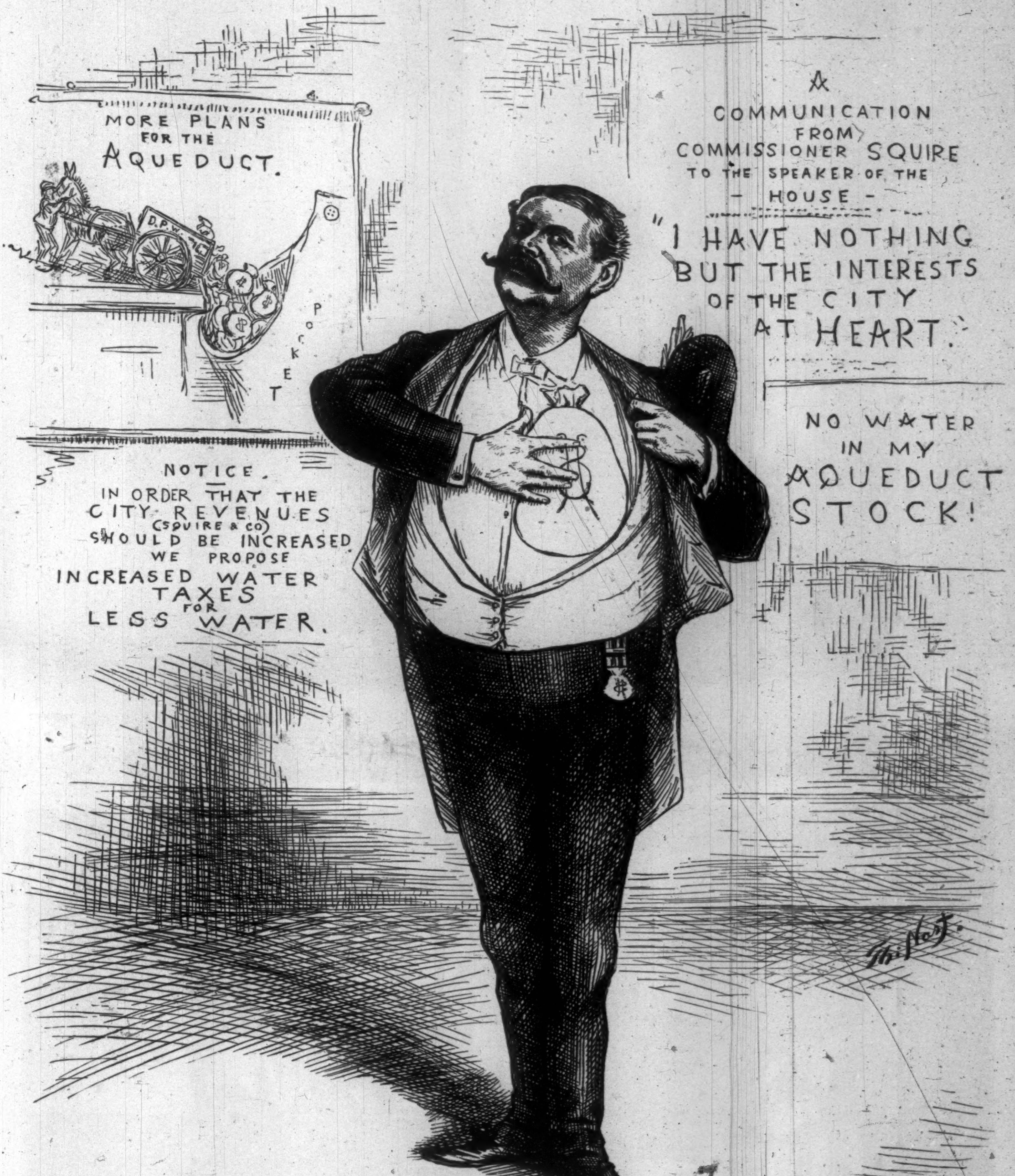


THE GLASS-BLOWERS OF MURANO.—C. F. Ulrich.

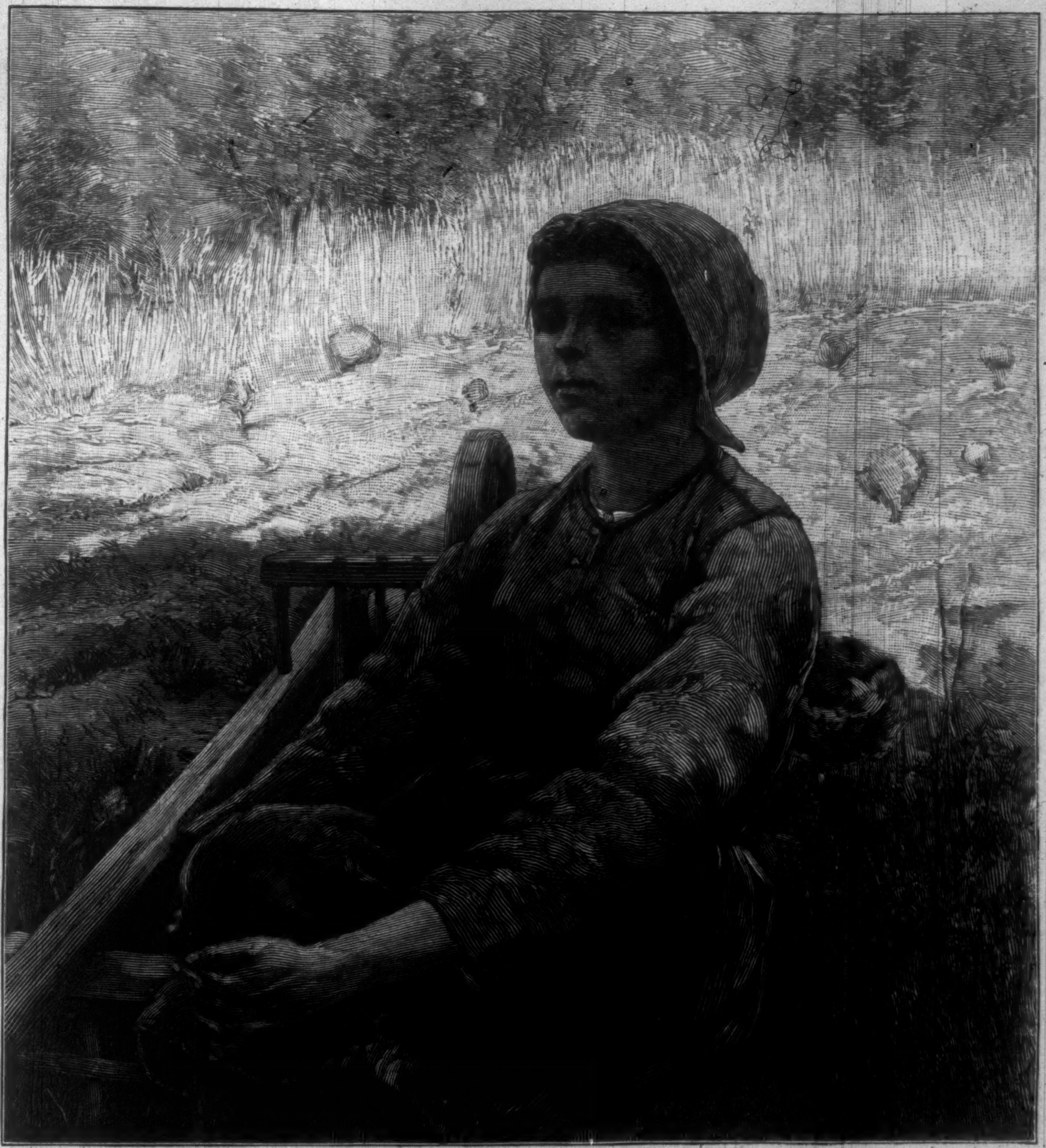


MOTHER AND CHILD.—Edward Emerson Simmons.

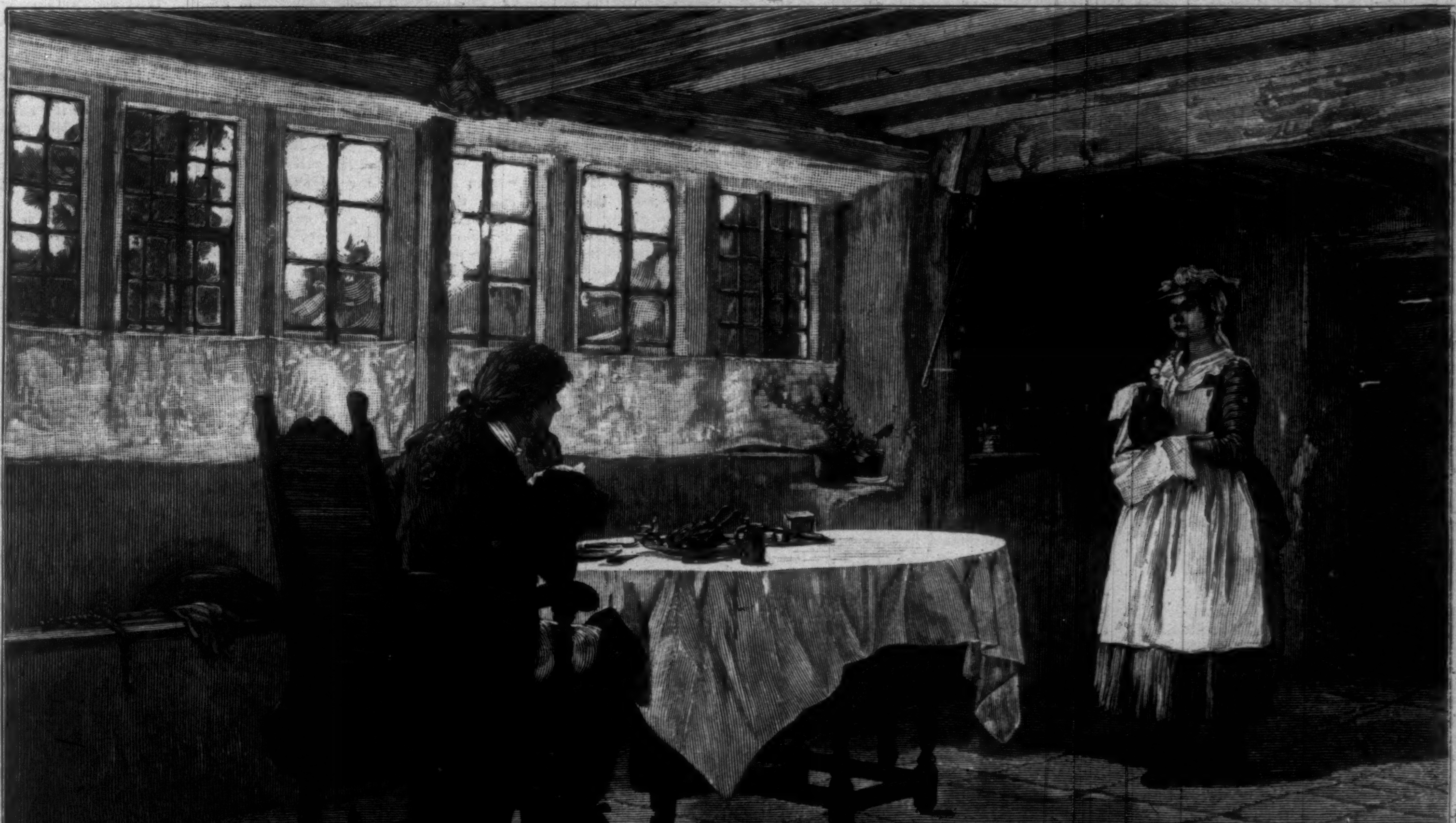
THE PRIZE FUND EXHIBITION OF THE AMERICAN ART ASSOCIATION.—[See Page 330.]


MORE PLANS FOR THE AQUEDUCT.
D.P.W.
POCKET
NOTICE. IN ORDER THAT THE CITY REVENUES (SQUIRE & CO) SHOULD BE INCREASED WE PROPOSE INCREASED WATER TAXES FOR LESS WATER.
A COMMUNICATION FROM COMMISSIONER SQUIRE TO THE SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE -
"I HAVE NOTHING BUT THE INTERESTS OF THE CITY AT HEART."
NO WATER IN MY AQUEDUCT STOCK!
Th. Nast.

THE TRUE-HEARTED SQUIRE.

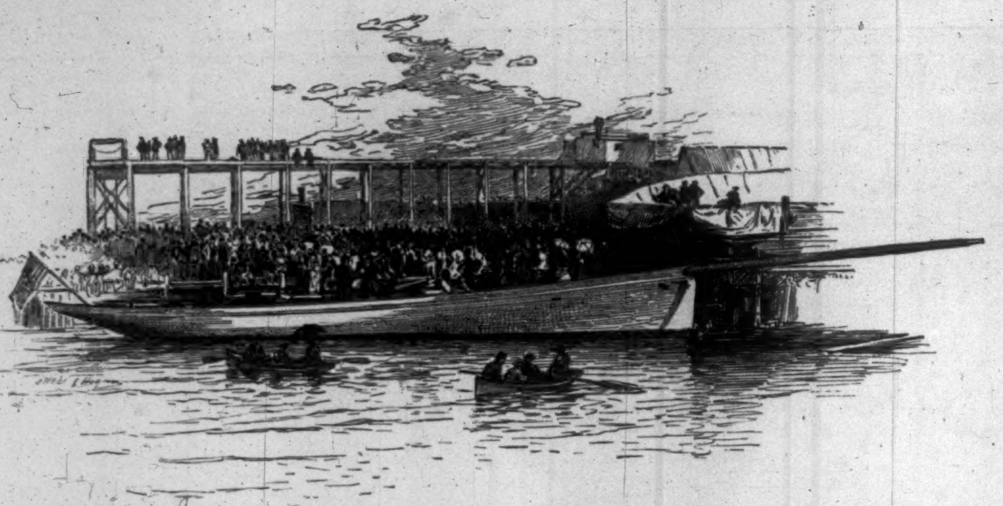


MID-DAY DREAMS.—Clifford P. Grayson.



AT THE INN.—F. D. Millet.

THE PRIZE FUND EXHIBITION OF THE AMERICAN ART ASSOCIATION.—[See Page 330.]



THE SLOOP YACHT "MAYFLOWER".—Drawn by Schell and Hogan, from Photographs by N. L. Stebbins, Boston.

THE "MAYFLOWER."

General Charles J. Paine, well known as one of the most skilful and intelligent of the members of the Eastern Yacht Club, and who has been very successful in his experiments upon the schooner-yacht *Halcyon*, gradually improving her until he made her one of the fastest light-weather yachts afloat, was one of the syndicate of gentlemen who united to build the sloop *Puritan* last year, and he sailed on her during the whole season.

As a result of that experience he came to the conclusion that she could be improved upon, and early in February last he gave to Mr. Edward Burgess, the designer of the *Puritan*, an order for a new sloop similar to the *Puritan*, but a little larger, and which should embody in her model the changes which the experience of General Paine has led him to believe will be improvements. To Messrs. George Lawley & Son, of Boston, who built the *Puritan*, was given the contract to build her, and the result is seen in the picture which is given above.

She is called the *Mayflower*, and her dimensions are: Length over all, 100 feet; at water-line, 85 feet; extreme beam, 23 feet 6 inches; at water-line, 22 feet; depth from keel to top of beam, 11 feet 4 inches; depth of hold, 8 feet 10 inches; draught at stern-post, 9 feet; amidships, 8 feet 2 inches; four feet aft of the stem, 4 feet; with centreboard down, 18 feet; least freeboard, 3 feet 2 inches; overhang forward, 5 inches; aft, 14 feet 9 inches; displacement, 110 tons; outside lead, 37 tons; inside ballast, 11 tons. Her centreboard is of yellow pine, with a lower course of oak, and is 21 feet long, 10 feet deep, and 4 inches thick; it is shod with iron, and has 300 pounds of lead run into the top of it to make it sink readily. Her mast is of Oregon pine, 80 feet long, 20 inches diameter; the topmast is of spruce, 48 feet long, 11 inches diameter; bowsprit, 80 feet long, 14 inches diameter.

All the material used in her construction is of the very best, and she is built strongly in order to stand the great strain to which she is likely to be subjected when racing in a seaway. Her principal point of difference from the *Puritan* is forward, being much finer than that yacht; and there are some who have seen her that say that while in running and reaching, or even in weather work when the water is smooth, she may be able to give the *Puritan* her time—between three and four minutes over a forty-mile course—in weather such as was encountered during the race for the Goelet cups last summer the *Puritan's* fuller bow will be an advantage, and she will most likely beat the new sloop even sailing, or without allowance.

There can be no doubt, however, but that in the *Puritan*, *Priscilla*, *Mayflower*, and *Atlantic* the committee of the New York Yacht Club will have four very fast yachts to choose from, and of a speed so nearly equal that the office of deciding which is the best will be a delicate one.

A TRUE STORY.

"The fiction of the present day lacks the essence of romance; it is all hard fact: there is plenty of clever character-drawing, bold and striking, but there is no soft, vague background of poetic shadow in which fanciful natures delight."

The speaker was a man of middle age with whom I had been conversing on the shady piazza of a country tavern. He was known throughout the region as a scholarly person of somewhat unreliable habits, who boarded either at the aforesaid tavern or at the houses of some of the farming folk where he occasionally gave lessons. It was rumored that he was under some social banishment, and that he was closely related to a certain city millionaire; but of that I knew nothing, and cared less. All that I did know was that he was familiar with all the ins and outs of the woods, that he was a successful angler and a pleasant companion, eager to read all the magazines and newspapers I had with me, and to criticise them freely, which of course interested me as an occasional contributor thereof. He had just finished reading what I considered a typical New England story, full of odd humor and provincial peculiarities, and as he handed the book to me made the above remark.

I suggested that the romance of our day consisted in the wonderful performances of electricity and steam, far outrivalling the deeds of the past, with even supernatural accessories; but he shook his head as if I had not caught his meaning.

"That is just where the trouble lies; the age is materialistic; so is its literature. How else do you account for the success of Zola and his tribe? I remember, when a boy, hearing my mother talk of the furor occasioned by *Waverley*—the mystery of its authorship, the profound secrecy Scott maintained. Imagine how absurd a man would be considered who should act thus nowadays. But how much more absurd, if he should undertake to depict the joys and sorrows of a chivalric time—'la belle dame sans merci'—or transcribe the lays of a troubadour."

"I am not so sure."

"But I am. I speak somewhat from experience. I have written for this and that periodical; the higher its level, the more prosaic its demands. 'Study from life,' they tell me; 'paint from nature,' forgetting with what different eyes we look on nature; how our own habit of mind colors all we see. Shall I tell you a story? Not to illustrate my theory exactly, but because I am in the mood, you are lazy, and there is nothing else to do just now."

I gladly acquiesced.

"My mother was a remarkable woman—everybody's mother is that, you know; she had a clear head, a retentive memory, and a wide experience. She was the daughter of a New London shipping merchant, who came, when she was quite young, to live in New York, that his children might have the advantages not procurable in a provincial town. But New York itself was not much more than that when compared with European cities. Still, it did have several good schools, King's College, and, I believe, some other endowed institutions. My grandfather had made money, and he was desirous that his children should not only be well educated, but should advance socially.

"There was then considerable aristocratic feeling prevailing against people in trade, but my grandfather 'seized the bull by the horns,' took a house in Pine Street, furnished it according to the taste of the day, sent his children to school and dancing-school (the latter was taught by a French refugee of good birth), patronized the theatre and the School of Fine Arts, and entertained the notabilities who came to this Western wild in search of health or wealth, or both. He succeeded admirably, was considered public-spirited and generous, and made many friends. My mother, his eldest daughter, at eighteen left school with a certificate declaring her scholarly attainments, as well as her proficiency in all the more practical requirements of the time. She was also an elegant dancer, and was considered one of the best three dancers in the city. The other two were a Miss Van Cott and a Miss ——; but I had better not give the other one's name. I will call her Vanessa, though Lucrezia would be more apropos. These girls—Lily Van Cott, Vanessa, and my mother—were constant companions. They were very beautiful. My mother said Vanessa was superb, her figure commanding, and her manners very imposing. Lily, though charming, had not so much *bel esprit*. She was of a more timid nature, and it was no matter of surprise that she did not attract as much attention as Vanessa, nor that Vanessa, notwithstanding her many admirers, should marry first. Her choice was considered excellent—a young man of good family, of wealth, and of ambitious character.

"Lily shortly after married her cousin, and my mother was bridesmaid to both. She delighted to describe the wedding-feasts and the beautiful apparel of the brides, from the wine and the wedding-cake to the satin and pearls. But such descriptions can hardly compare with the luxury of the present day. However, I always listened with boyish pleasure to all the details, for it was not until a much later date that I heard the whole of the story, or that portion of it which was unfitted for childish ears.

"The winter succeeding these marriages was an unusually gay one. Many foreigners were in town, and among them a famous singer—a Signor Bolacca, or some such name. Everybody raved about his exquisite voice, and he was invited everywhere; in fact, the whole town was at his feet. You may be sure this pleased his Serene Highness, but the two brides were his especial favorites. Perhaps he thought himself safer in paying attention to married women than to maidens. It was noticed, however, that, contrary to the usual custom, Vanessa did not seem to stand first in favor, but that Lily's quieter beauty had precedence. This was the more remarkable because all visitors from foreign lands had agreed in pronouncing Vanessa's style unapproachable except in court circles.

"Now I have my own way of telling stories, and you must pardon the interruption, but I wish to remark that I am coming to the part of my tale which, when I have presented it in literary form, is always objected to as 'sensational.' I have therefore striven to no purpose when I have essayed to soften it. To resume:

"You would not suppose that two lovely young women, secure in the affection of their husbands, and enjoying the respectful admiration of all their friends, could possibly be affected by the passing favor of a foreign adventurer; for so all those professional singers were looked upon, no matter how greatly they were courted or how highly their attainments were valued. But it became evident to all that Vanessa was furiously jealous of Lily Van Cott. Search as you may for hidden springs of action, I am convinced that vanity is as powerful a force among us as love or hate or revenge.

"Signor Bolacca was a guest at my grandfather's house, and in his honor a ball was to be given. The tickets had been out for days—they did not use cards so commonly as now—and my mother had written invitations to her particular friends, and received their replies. Vanessa's note was on her writing-desk, when a delicate little package was brought in addressed to Signor Bolacca. As he was in constant receipt of pretty trifles from his many admirers, my mother ordered the servant to take it to his room, merely remarking that the address resembled that of the note lying before her.

"The ball was to take place that night, and my mother was just putting the finishing touches to her toilet, when she heard a little tumult in the house, but thought nothing of it. I should have told you that my grandmother's death had placed her at the head of affairs. She went on, therefore, arranging her dress, when a pale-faced servant rushed in and begged her to come to the foreign gentleman's room and see what was the matter. My mother hesitated, and asked where her father was, and why he had not been appealed to; but the servant was in so great agitation and alarm that she was obliged to yield to her entreaties.

"The room was a spacious one—the guest-chamber—and lighted by sconces. In the middle of it, and on a canopied bed, lay Signor Bolacca in full dress, but ghastly pale and suffering; the servants were all about him, endeavoring to relieve him, and frightened half out of their wits. A faint odor of coffee pervaded the atmosphere. My mother opened the windows, applied restoratives, and had the satisfaction of seeing the gentleman revive, but was interrupted in her ministrations by a messenger and a note imploring her to come instantly to her friend and neighbor Lily Van Cott. Imagine what a predicament for her to be in! Dressed for a ball, the whole house lighted and decorated, the person for whom the entertainment was in honor ill on her hands, and another friend beseeching her presence as if her life depended on it.

"And, indeed, her life was in danger, as my mother soon discovered from the messenger. Quickly giving her orders, and summoning a physician, my mother threw a cloak around her and hurried to her friend. The same sight met her eyes. Lovely Lily Van Cott in all the bravery of ball attire was stretched motionless and speechless on her bed, and the same odor of coffee filled the atmosphere.

"Her husband was frantic, her attendants helpless. My mother's suspicions were now fully aroused; but she maintained her coolness and composure, and calmly administered stimulants. She had the satisfaction of seeing her friend rally, and able to explain that she had been taken ill after drinking a cup of coffee; and as the physician had arrived, my mother hastened home.

"She was just in time to receive her guests—a throng of whom were pouring into the drawing-room. My grandfather was very much annoyed and surprised at her absence, and still more disconcerted that the chief guest of the evening was unable to appear.

"My mother was equal to the occasion, but watched long in vain for the arrival of Vanessa. Would she come, or would she stay away? Had she the courage to invoke the shades of darkness in dealing these deathly blows, and yet the cowardice to dread the result? Evidently to stay away would provoke comment, and that was something not to be desired. She came—late in the evening when many had left—in her customary brilliancy of dress and manner; but my mother noticed that she was feverishly restless and impatient; that in spite of her clever talk and easy grace her color came and went like flashing lightning, and that she avoided her, and was in haste to depart. Perhaps her own suspicions colored her criticism; for she has told me that Vanessa had for her the fascination of a basilisk, and that she could not keep her eyes off of her. My mother, you see, had a quick wit. She had made some inquiries, and found that the package addressed to Signor Bolacca in Vanessa's handwriting contained coffee, that it had been sent as if by an anonymous admirer, begging the signore to accept it as something especially rare and delicious.

"This the signore had done, and one of the servants had prepared it according to his directions in a little French tin, which he always carried in his travelling case, and served it in a cup of the willow pattern Indian china, which was the common breakfast service. The signore had drank it, leaving only a drop or two in the cup, which my mother saved. The package, too, was laid aside, and the paper on which was the superscription. A similar package had been left at Mrs. Van Cott's without any address, and Lily's servants had used it as a matter of course, supposing it came in the customary way from the grocer; but the curious fact that the servants were all English people, and cared only for tea, saved them from drinking it. Mr. Van Cott, too, had dined early, having business in Communipaw, so that Lily was really the only sufferer.

"Both packages were examined by a chemist, and found to contain a large quantity of arsenic—so much, indeed, that it had overshot the mark, and not done its insidious but more deadly work.

"And now you will expect to hear some startling details, but I have none to give you. The victims of this atrocious attempt both recovered. Signor Bolacca left the country—with what impression of its women I leave you to imagine. The physicians, a lawyer or two, my mother, and a few others knew enough to convince them who was the culprit, but no legal steps were taken, no accusation made.

"Vanessa's husband became a distinguished man, known all over the country for his scientific attainments and the great attractiveness of his kindly character. Vanessa herself continued to be a leader in society, and was the mother of several children. She died prematurely—how, when, or where I never heard, more than just the fact I have related.

"Of course you are disappointed. I would like to be able to give a different termination to my tale, but then it would not be truth, and I am not a Hawthorne. But can you not imagine for yourself the fearful condition of that woman's mind? It was no impulse of outraged love that impelled the deed. It was jealousy, revenge, and wounded vanity. Had she killed her victims there could have been no more murder in her heart than was there already. That she did not was due to the clumsiness of failure, not to her intention. And how cool she must have been, and how disappointed!—but no, let us believe that the tidal wave of repentance and sorrow had set in by the time she knew her plot had failed, and that for the rest of her life she made atonement in a thousand deeds of charity and bitter tears and prayers for forgiveness. There are tragic elements, you see, beneath these quite commonplace lives of ours."

I acquiesced in silence, and my raconteur lit a fresh cigar.

THE PRIZE FUND EXHIBITION.

There is matter for serious consideration in the general character and quality of the exhibition of pictures which has been called forth by the Prize Fund of the American Art Association. The most obvious inference that it conveys is that American artists are very susceptible to the stimulation which the assured rewards of such a competition afford. It is shown that the offer of a comparatively moderate amount of money and a number of gold medals to be distributed by the suffrages of artists has been sufficient not merely to discredit and depreciate the annual display of the National Academy, but to bring together a collection of pictures far surpassing in merit and importance any previous exhibition of the work of American artists.

Many of the pictures in the Art Association Galleries would undoubtedly have been sent to the Academy had they not been drawn away from it by the competition; but there is internal evidence that the general weight and importance of the exhibition are directly attributable to the prizes. The National Academy, if sufficiently national in character and administration, should naturally command such an exhibition every year, just as the Salon annually comprehends everything that is new and noteworthy in French art. And the National Academy will undoubtedly do so eventually; but the fact that it does not at present do so simply enforces and emphasizes the charges of mismanagement and selfishness that are reiterated against it every spring. It is to be hoped that a change in its policy is impending. It is a source of no little regret to every one interested in our artistic progress that the institution which of all others is intended to promote it should so lamentably fail of its purpose.

The exhibition at the Association galleries is as brilliant and hopeful a showing of American art as one could wish to see, and in the general sense of distinct and unmistakable progress that it conveys it is nothing short of surprising. It is fine in all its features except sculpture, and in that regard an effort will probably be made to do better next year by offering a special award for it. The committee of award confined itself this year to the consideration of the figure subjects, and we give engravings of the pictures they selected.

Mr. Millet's "At the Inn" is the best example of this rapidly rising artist that has been exhibited in New York, and discloses an aspect of his work which has been more familiar in the London exhibitions than here, only one of a like quality having so far been shown here—that of the "Cosy Corner" in the late Academy exhibition. Mr. Millet is strongest when he treats these themes. He is more nearly in relation with his subject, and he paints it with less consideration of manner and method, and more concern for literal truth, than when he is dealing with classical and purely decorative compositions, such as we have been made familiar with in recent exhibitions. Many of the latter are very beautiful and technically full of interest; but in such pictures as "At the Inn" there is a much profounder significance and a much more charming sentiment. It is the brightest and pleasantest picture of the year, after Mr. Abbey's "Old Song" in the Water-color Exhibition.

Mr. C. F. Ulrich received and deserved a prize for his "Glass-Blowers of Murano." It is a brilliant piece of work, and shows an ease and freedom of execution that his pictures have heretofore lacked. His "Lace-Makers" in the same gallery has the same commendable qualities, and is in every respect a very charming picture.

Mr. Grayson and Mr. Simmons are the two other fortunate exhibitors. Both contribute large studies of the class brought into vogue by Jules Bréton, and adapted to a special and individual scheme of color by Bastien Lepage. Mr. Grayson's "Midsummer Dream" is a bold and vigorously painted study of a peasant girl resting upon a harrow in a cabbage field. Mr. Simmons's "Mother and Child" is a more ambitious subject, and is drawn with a great deal of power. It depicts a peasant woman who has fallen wearily asleep while peeling potatoes by the side of a child's bed. There is real feeling in the picture, and rare skill in the execution, which is marked by the utmost simplicity and sincerity.

Among the other figure subjects in the exhibition that will repay attentive study are: Mr. Carl Marr's "Gossip" (No. 165), an excellent piece of work from every point of view, fine in color and in drawing, and a most skilful presentment of a very difficult problem of light and shade; Miss Rosina Emmett's fine "Twilight" (No. 95), a very graceful and purely classical figure; Mr. B. W. Clinedinst's "Suspected Conspiracy" (No. 54), a capitally painted and admirably characterized study of three peasants, with a delightful expression of humor to give force and cogency to its motive; and the two fine military subjects of Messrs. Trego and Gaul. Mr. Gaul's picture is the best military picture that has been painted by an American. It has the inspiration of the facts, and it has to do with the actualities of the real thing.

Among the landscapes are some pictures of rare beauty and merit. Perhaps the most powerful and striking of all is one by an artist who is new to our exhibition—"A Spur of Mount Adams," by Harold B. Warren. This is a very fine achievement, large in style, imaginative in treatment, and admirable in the splendid strength of its masses and the depth and harmony of its color.

THE SOUTHERN METHODIST GENERAL CONFERENCE.

The Southern Methodist General Conference, which met early this month in Richmond, represents a very prosperous Church. The opening address of the bishops reports an increase of members, during four years, from 860,717 to 996,994, making the present aggregate nearly one million of communicants. These members are almost exclusively whites, the colored members of the Southern Methodist Church having been set off as a separate body shortly after the war. There are forty Annual Conferences under the jurisdiction of the General Conference, containing nearly 4500 ministers. As is well known, all the pastors are itinerants, and receive their churches for limited terms at the hands of the bishops.

The offering by one of the delegates of a series of resolutions which propose the taking of measures for the securing of union with the Northern Methodist Church has awakened wide-spread interest. The subject is by no means new. As far back as 1869 proposals of reunion were made to the bishops of the Southern Methodist Church by the Northern Methodist bishops. These were kindly received, but as the churches had not yet established fraternal relations, little could be done. There were unadjusted questions of church property which troubled both sides. Beyond this, there was an obstacle apparently more formidable to be overcome. The Southern Methodist Church had, since the separation in 1844, been always spoken of by Northern Methodists as a secession, and this imputation had been resented in the South. The legitimate origin of their Church, by virtue of the Plan of Separation mutually agreed upon in 1844, has been a tender point with Southern Methodists. A joint commission selected with full powers settled the points of difference in May, 1876; the recognition claimed by the Southern Church was fully accorded, and cordial relations were established. From that time the desire for union, or rather reunion, has found frequent expression.

No doctrinal differences are in the way of reunion; both Churches hold steadfastly also to John Wesley's system of itinerancy, and both have lay delegates in the General Conferences. The Southern bishops have a suspensive veto upon General Conference action; this can be exercised only on the ground of the unconstitutionality of a proposed measure, and can be overcome by a succeeding General Conference. Both Churches are in the Southern field, and their rivalry in small villages is irritating, and at times disastrous to both. It is not strange, therefore, that the expediency of ending such rivalries by union has occurred to many thoughtful men on each side. It is obvious that a good understanding should be reached, and rules of comity established, and the common work for the welfare of men prosecuted in the friendliest spirit.

A more serious impediment to reunion is thought to be the unwieldy size of the united body. It will contain nearly three millions of communicants, and would be supervised by a General Conference which could not easily determine the many questions requiring its authority for settlement. Organic changes of polity would seem to be requisite for the purposes of satisfactory government. The effect of such a reunion would be most wholesome for the country.

THE VICTOR EMMANUEL MONUMENT AT ROME.

Early in the present year the Italian government began the work of preparing the site of the great national monument to Victor Emmanuel. Every one knows the eastern summit of the Capitoline Hill, crowned with the Convent and Church of Ara Cœli. It is here that a monument which will be visible from every part of Rome is to rise. Hitherto the dome of St. Peter's has been the one object which, seen from across the Campagna, marks the site of Rome. It will not be long before the traveller, as he catches his first glimpse of the great monument of Christian Rome, will also see, gleaming under the sunshine, the white marble of the monument that symbolizes the birth of free and united Italy. While the Franciscan convent of Ara Cœli and a number of other buildings are to be demolished in order to make way for the Victor Emmanuel Monument, lovers of old Rome will be glad to know that the church of Ara Cœli is to be spared.

The design for the monument which was adopted was selected from a number which were submitted at a competition open to all Italian artists. It is the work of a young civil engineer, Signor Sacconi, and the accompanying illustration, taken from a photograph of the model, will give a fair idea of its general plan and proportions.

The two groups of statuary at the foot of the grand staircase, which are designed to symbolize Thought and Action, are to be replaced by four statues, two of which, representing Cavour and Mazzini, will personify Thought, while the other two, representing Action, will be statues of Garibaldi and La Marmora. In a little chapel on the first platform or landing is to be placed a statue of Rome in gilded bronze. On the parapet in front of the landing are to be two allegorical groups, representing respectively the Defence of Rome in 1849, and the Liberation of Rome in 1870.

On the next great landing is to be placed the equestrian statue of Victor Emmanuel, and four allegorical figures personifying the four great epochs of the Italian revolution—1849, 1859, 1869, and 1870. Still higher will be placed eight statues of the leading men who coöperated with Victor Emmanuel in the work of Italian liberation, and above each column in the attic of the temple which forms the chief part of the monument are to be allegorical statues of the chief Italian cities.

While the monument itself is to be the work of Signor Sacconi, the various statues are to be executed by those sculptors whose models may be accepted after a competitive exhibition. Whatever fault may be found with the details of the monument, the conception is certainly fresh and striking, and the monument can hardly fail to be an imposing one.

THE CHATHAM ARTILLERY OF SAVANNAH.

On May 4 the Chatham Artillery of Savannah, Georgia, which is the oldest military company in the Southern States, celebrated the one-hundredth anniversary of its organization. Besides such usual features of a celebration like this as a parade and drilling for a prize and the entertainment of visiting companies, tablets were placed on the monument to the Revolutionary hero General Nathaniel Greene, and the interesting and honorable history of this old artillery company was reviewed by the same orator, the Hon. John E. Ward, who delivered the oration at its semi-centennial celebration; and an interesting career it is that the company has had.

"This artillery corps," says its historian and the historian of Georgia, "was the child of that heroic age" of the American Revolution. It did its first field service in 1786 in bombarding a camp of freebooters on Bear Creek, in Georgia, under the command of Captain Edward Lloyd, who had lost an arm during the British siege of Savannah. From that time until now it has volunteered for service in every war that the United States has been engaged in—in the late war, on the Confederate side. It fired the funeral salute when General Greene was buried; it fired a salute in honor of General Washington when he visited Savannah, and so pleased him that he complimented the battery by presenting to it two bronze six-pounders which had been surrendered by Cornwallis at Yorktown. These "Washington guns" have been kept all these years. During the late war they were buried under the armory to prevent their capture by the Federal troops. In the war of 1812 the company fortified and guarded Savannah; in 1824 it took prominent part in paying honor to General Lafayette when he laid the corner-stone of the monuments to Greene and Pulaski; in 1835 and in 1837, when there was trouble with the Indians in Florida, and again when war was declared with Mexico, it volunteered for active service, but was not called into the field; and it entered the Confederate service and saw four years of war, and was among the last troops of the Confederacy to surrender, being a part of General Johnston's army.

Captain John F. Wheaton, the present commander, was promoted to the captaincy in 1862, while the company was in the Confederate service. The Hon. John E. Ward, the semicentennial and the centennial orator, whose home is now in New York, years ago was commander of the company. He was formerly a prominent lawyer in Savannah.

Although the event celebrated was the one-hundredth anniversary of the Chatham Artillery, the review of this company's history and the unveiling of the tablets on the Greene monument were by no means the only features of the celebration. Colonel C. C. Jones, the historian of Georgia, delivered a historical oration on General Greene, about whom Mr. Jefferson Davis also made a short address; there were drills for prizes, in which military companies from five States, "the blue and the gray," took part, the Montgomery Greys taking first prize. The other military companies of Savannah—the Savannah Volunteer Guards, the German Volunteers, the Oglethorpe Light Infantry, the Republican Blues, the Georgia Huzzars, and the Irish Jasper Greens—entertained the visiting companies; and for three days there was military pomp by day and revelry by night in the Southern city.

JOHANN MOST.

Johann Most, of this city, who was ignominiously dragged from under a bed, where he was in hiding, on Tuesday of last week, and placed in the Tombs Prison on the charge of having incited to riot, is a German by birth, and is forty years of age. In early life he learned a trade, but being gifted with a certain fluency of speech, soon deserted labor for politics, and six years ago was elected a member of the German Reichstag by the Socialistic party. While in the German parliament he endeavored to distinguish himself by eccentric extravagances, but was speedily expelled from that body. He then removed to London, and established the *Freiheit* (freedom) newspaper, which was smuggled in large quantities into Germany, and distributed in Socialistic quarters. Most's article rejoicing over the assassination of the Czar of Russia in March, 1881, caused his arrest by the English government, although England had theretofore been regarded as a safe field for free speech by Continental assassins. The prompt arrest of Most was said to have been due to the direct interference of Bismarck. Most was defended by the late A. M. Sullivan, in spite of whose eloquence he was found guilty of a crime, and was sentenced in May, 1881, to six months at hard labor. At the expiration of this term of imprisonment he came to the United States, and won distinction in Socialistic and Communistic circles of this city by a series of violent harangues directed at the English government particularly, and all forms of government incidentally. On the 22d of April last Most advocated the practices of murder and arson before a large audience in Germania Hall, and it is for this offence that he is now under indictment. He was released on bail May 14.

NEW YORK HOUSES.

The group of "Vanderbilt houses" on Fifth Avenue was supposed, when the houses were completed four years ago, to touch the high-water mark of luxury in the domestic architecture of New York. So, indeed, it did. Nothing more lavishly expensive has been built since. Unfortunately, the most luxurious of the Vanderbilt houses—the brown-stone mansions built for Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt—were not the most commendable, nor commendable at all, from a strictly architectural point of view. On page 324 are given illustrations of two more recent examples of house-building in New York, the "Tiffany house," at the corner of Madison Avenue and Seventy-second Street, and the three "Marquand houses," at the corner of the same avenue and Sixty-seventh Street.

In their diverse ways these structures are extremely interesting by reason of their architecture, as well as "imposing" from the more common characteristic of evident costliness. The "Tiffany house," as it is generally called, although, in fact, the pile includes, or seems to include, a subordinate dwelling at the north end, occupies four or possibly five city lots, 100 by 100 or 100 by 125 feet. It is rectangular in plan, the variations that prevent it from becoming monotonous and box-like being recesses and projections beginning above the basement story, and these are severally roofed, giving animation and variety to the sky-line. The central part of the main front on Seventy-second Street is recessed above the basement, and the flanking divisions are crowned with gables intersecting the enormous main roof. Under the eaves of this a balcony spans the recess above the third story. Other features of this front that relieve it of heaviness are a corbelled oriel at the corner, running through the three stories above the basement, and an open loggia of a single heavy round arch at the opposite end. It is upon the avenue front that the size of the great roof is most apparent, inasmuch as nearly the whole of this wall is covered with an enormous gable pierced with one great window at the centre. Much of the charm of the building comes from the skill with which the architects, Messrs. McKim, Mead, & White, have chosen its materials. The basement is built of rough-faced blue-stone used in large blocks. The superstructure is of a tawny brick, between brown and yellow, burned from a clay found, we believe, at Perth Amboy, and the terra-cotta, which is employed in pieces of unusual size, is of the same clay. The roof is covered with a very dark, almost black, corrugated tiling.

The Marquand houses, of which Mr. R. M. Hunt is the architect, are designed in the French Renaissance, or rather in the transition from French Gothic to French Renaissance, the classic elements being more apparent in the principal house at the corner, and the mediæval in the smaller houses on the avenue. The materials are red brick and light sandstone. The effect of the southern front is very sumptuous, and that of the avenue front very piquant and picturesque. The detail is everywhere expressive and full of spirit. One of the most admirable points of design is the manner in which the slope of the hill is recognized in the treatment of the avenue fronts, so as to individualize the houses without impairing the unity of the group.

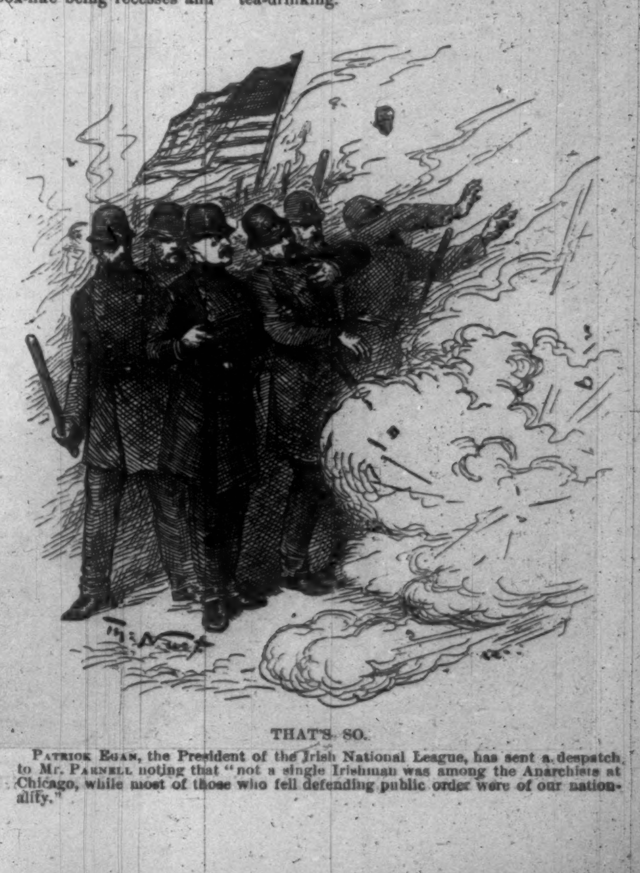
WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A new game-law in Ohio allows the shooting of ducks only on the last four days of the week. Nobody may molest a duck on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday in that State. There is no law in Kentucky forbidding the shooting of ducks on Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays. If there were, and if the beneficiaries of the law understood it, Kentucky and Ohio would be a great place for ducks, which, by spending part of the week in one of these States and part in another, might mock at sportsmen, and live to a ripe old age.

Seven Arabians are said to be among the persons now in Paris waiting to be inoculated by M. Pasteur. They like the sunlight, and the buildings of Paris cast too much shade to suit them. The other day they placed a ladder against a wall of their hotel, and mounting to a height where the sunlight could fall upon them, basked in it with satisfaction. If there had been high buildings in the desert, and they had been up a ladder when the dog came by, they would not have been obliged to journey to Paris and sit waiting upon a ladder in that inclement town.

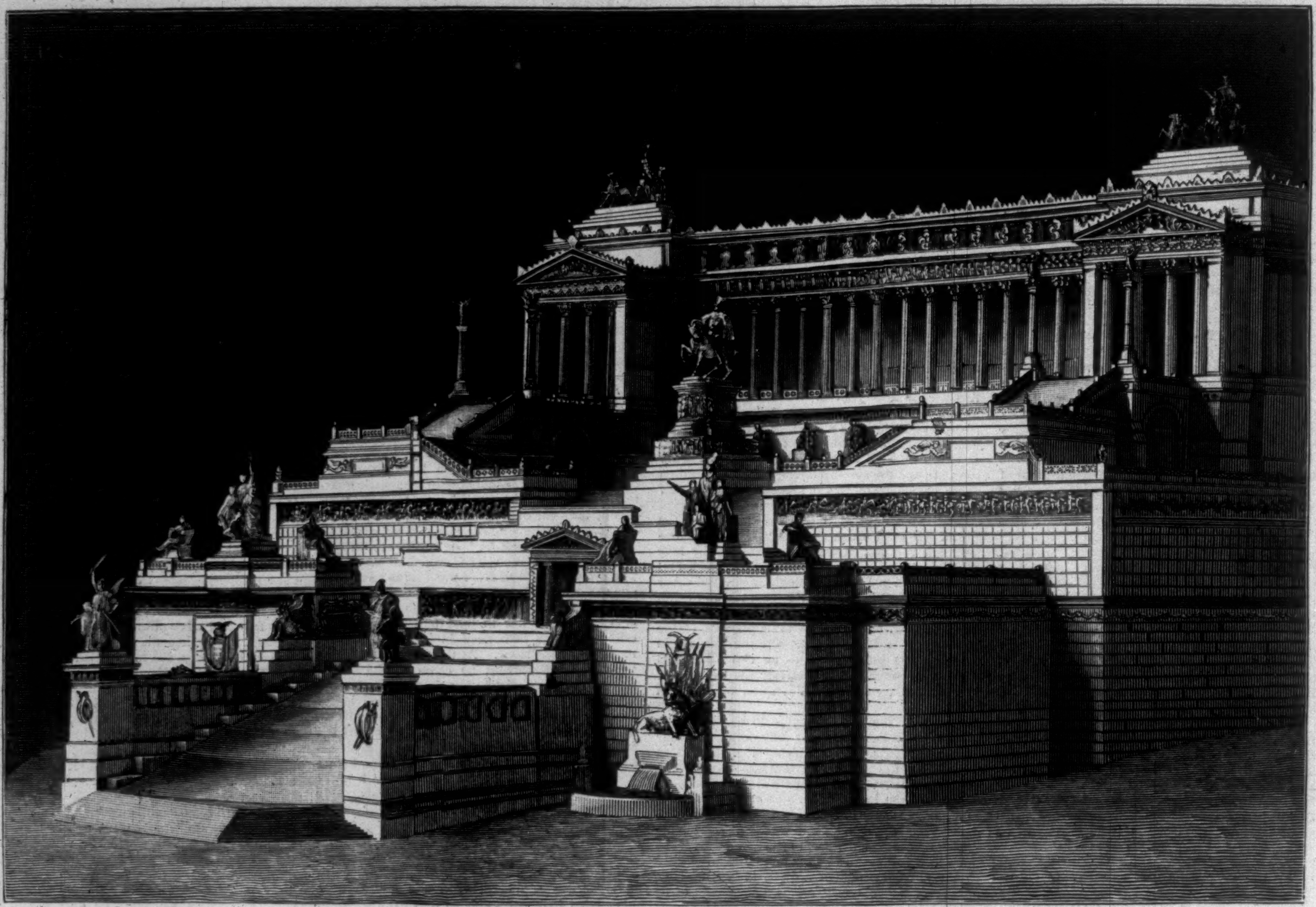
There are to be summer courses in two branches of learning at Cornell University this year. Professor J. H. Comstock conducts a course in entomology and general invertebrate zoology, beginning on June 21, and continuing ten weeks; and Mr. F. H. Morgan will direct a summer school of chemistry, which will open on July 6, and last nine weeks. The school of chemistry will afford three courses, namely, elementary chemistry, qualitative analysis, and quantitative analysis. Persons who are not regular students of the University may have the benefit of this extra instruction upon payment of a small sum.

An East Indian newspaper says that the greatest tea-drinkers in the world are the inhabitants of the Australian colonies and New Zealand, who consume upward of seven pounds per head yearly. The people of Great Britain, who come next in the list, consume something less than five pounds per head; in the United States the consumption is one and a third pounds, and in Russia only a little more than three-fifths of a pound. Russia gets the name of being a great tea-drinking nation from the habits of some of her provinces, in which the consumption is enormous. Belgium, Sweden, Hungary, and Spain consume less tea than the other nations of Europe, but in no nation on the Continent except Holland does the consumption exceed one pound per head. Newfoundland and Canada beat the United States at tea-drinking.

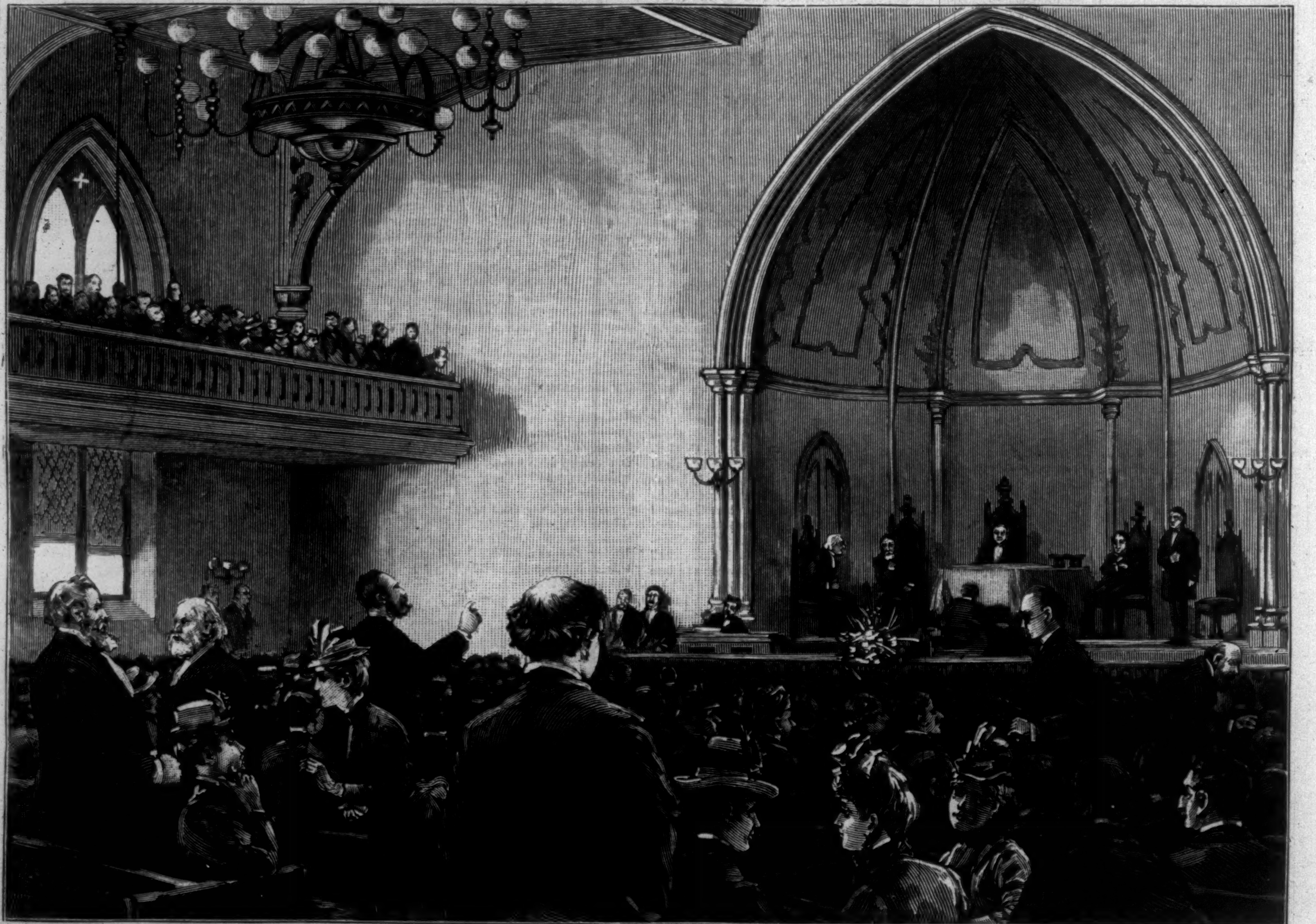


THAT'S SO.

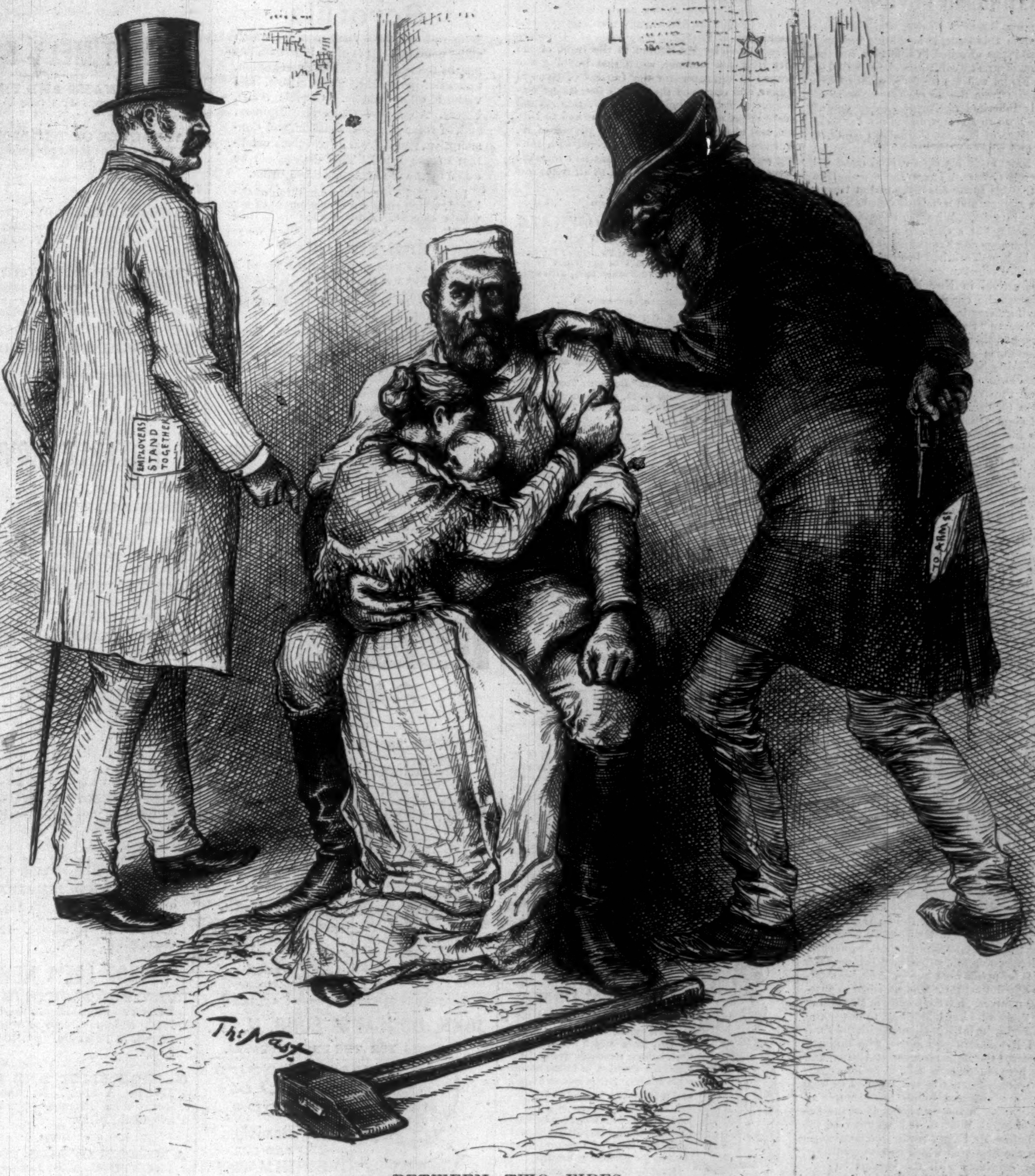
Patrick Egan, the President of the Irish National League, has sent a despatch to Mr. Parnell noting that "not a single Irishman was among the Anarchists at Chicago, while most of those who fell defending public order were of our nationality."



PROPOSED MONUMENT AT ROME TO KING VICTOR EMMANUEL.—PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE ARCHITECT'S MODEL.—[SEE PAGE 331.]

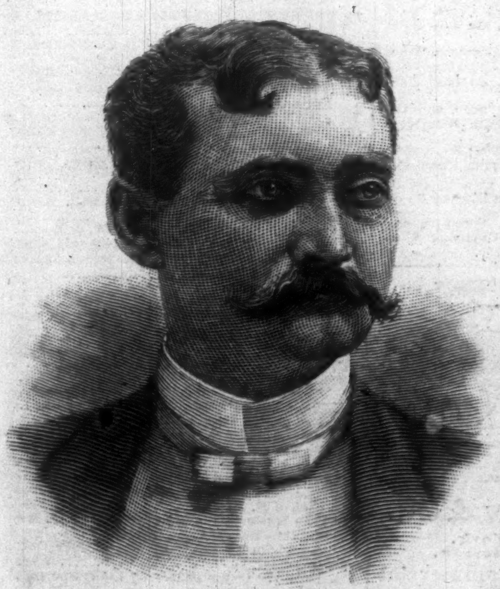


GENERAL CONFERENCE OF THE SOUTHERN METHODIST CHURCH AT RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.—DRAWN BY W. P. SNYDER FROM A SKETCH BY W. L. SHEPPARD.—[SEE PAGE 331.]

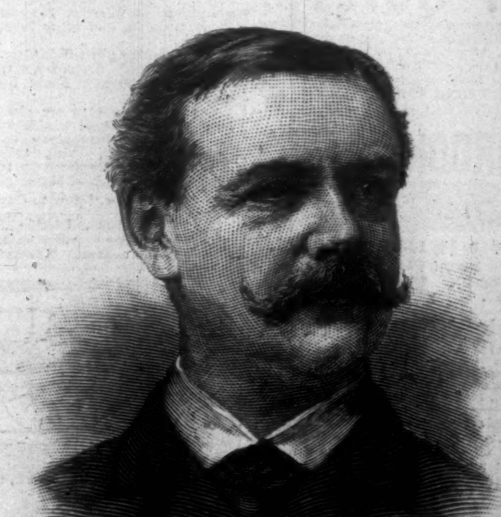

EMPLOYERS STAND TOGETHER
TO ARMS!
Th: Nast

BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

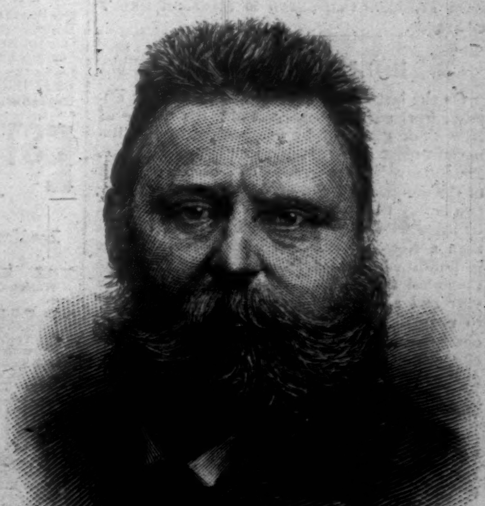
EMPLOYER. "If you don't go to work, I must fill your place."
ANARCHIST. "If you go to work, I'll make it hot for you."



MAURICE B. FLYNN.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY MORA.—[SEE PAGE 334.]



ROLLIN M. SQUIRE.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY SARONY.—[SEE PAGE 334.]



JOHANN MOST.
PHOTOGRAPHED MAY 12 FOR THE ROGUES' GALLERY.—[SEE PAGE 331.]

MAURICE B. FLYNN.

Mr. Maurice Bennett Flynn, whose portrait is published in this issue, is a shining example of the possibilities afforded in this city for the accumulation of great wealth in a short period of time. Mr. Flynn will not be forty years of age until two years from the 3d of November next. He certainly inherited no fortune, being one of six children born to Patrick and Mary Flynn in the little village of Malden, Columbia County, in this State, and when at the age of seventeen he arrived in New York his cash capital consisted of thirty-seven dollars. These facts make the statement that his fortune is estimated at from a million to a million and a half of dollars one of considerable interest. With the exception of a "year's schooling" at a Catholic school in Troy, such education as young Flynn had at the time of his arrival in New York had been picked up by his own unaided efforts.

Upon his arrival in New York he took the first employment he could find, which proved to be in a small grocery in Williamsburg. He subsequently became "time-keeper" at the Novelty Iron-Works, and then learning that the firm of Guy C. Hotchkiss & Son, iron manufacturers, were in need of a book-keeper, he boldly applied for the situation, and although he knew scarcely anything of the requirements of the position, succeeded in obtaining and holding the place at a salary of eight dollars a week. Within a very short time his salary had been nearly doubled. His executive ability was speedily recognized, and when, in 1867, the junior member of the firm died, the sole management of the details of the business was intrusted to young Flynn. Two years later he was given a small interest in the firm, and on the 1st of May, 1870, was admitted to the firm as an equal partner.

During all these years he had been assiduous in his studies. He lived in Brooklyn, but regularly for several years attended the night school at Cooper Union, and being quick to learn, rapidly acquired a fair knowledge of the French, German, and Spanish languages, which he has since mastered, besides devoting himself to the study of mechanical drawing and elocution. In 1878, Mr. Flynn, three days before election, declared himself to be a candidate for the Assembly on the Democratic side of politics, and was elected to represent the thirteenth and fourteenth wards of Brooklyn, defeating the regular Democratic nominee by a large plurality. At the conclusion of his term he was reëlected.

In the mean time the business of his firm was prospering, and he was coming to be looked upon as one of the leading contractors of New York. Changing his residence from Brooklyn to this city, he began to put his hand largely into New York politics. He was one of the committee of one hundred organizers of the County Democracy, and in 1883 was made chairman of the Fourteenth District Assembly General Committee. In the autumn of the year just mentioned Mr. Flynn was married to a daughter of Theodore Moss, the treasurer of Wallack's Theatre. The nomination by Mayor Edson of Mr. Rollin M. Squire for Commissioner of Public Works was at the time attributed to Mr. Flynn's influence, and as the iron manufacturing firm to which Mr. Flynn belonged was, and still is, largely interested in contracts for public work in New York, his interest in the appointment has been ascribed to purely business motives. His confidence in Mr. Squire is said by those who know him best to have been sadly shaken by the latter's alliance with the Tammany and Republican politicians, who initiated and engineered the Bruns scheme at Albany, and a rupture between them is said to be imminent, as Commissioner Squire is not inclined to take Mr. Flynn's advice and follow the example of Allan Campbell in the management of the Department of Public Works. It is, at any rate, the fact that before Mr. Flynn began to engage at all in politics the firm with which he was connected had many contracts with the various city departments of New York and Brooklyn, and the magnitude of these contracts has not materially increased since he began to become, what he now is, a great political power in the city of New York. Last year Mr. Flynn went abroad, and carried, among other letters of introduction, one from President Cleveland to President Grévy of France.

ROLLIN M. SQUIRE.

On the last day of December, 1884, Mayor Edson surprised the politicians and the people of New York generally by nominating, for the important office of Commissioner of Public Works, Mr. Rollin M. Squire, who had been a resident of the annexed district of this city for a year or two before that date, but who was still regarded by those who knew him as more of a Bostonian than a New-Yorker. A portrait of Mr. Squire is published in this issue. He has been the Commissioner of Public Works for nearly a year and a half, and has apparently no reason to complain of the notion which led him to change his place of residence from Boston to this city, although a bill conferring especial and larger powers upon the office which he fills was overwhelmingly defeated in the Legislature last week. Mr. Squire is forty-eight years of age, and was born at Springfield, Vermont. He attended school at Chester, in that State, and it was during these school-boy days that Mayor Edson, who was able to give him so decided a lift in after-life, first met him. His father, Mr. James C. Squire, was in those days known as a shining light in Spiritualistic circles in Boston, and being a man of considerable property, was able to support his son in comparative idleness. Young Mr. Squire paid less attention to the practice of the law than to the cultivation of the talents of a "medium," and being facile with his pen, succeeded in attaining prominence as an exponent and expounder of his father's faith. He contributed poems to the *Banner of Light*, and at the height of his literary and Spiritualistic fame went to Europe. Specimens of his poetry were affixed by Mr. Squire to the front of the City Hall last summer, when that building was draped in mourning for the funeral of General Grant, and remained there until the Mayor peremptorily ordered their removal. After several years spent abroad Mr. Squire returned to Boston, and ultimately became the law partner of W. A. Simmons. He has been connected with mining schemes in the West, and has had in many respects an adventurous and not at all times successful career.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.
TONIC FOR OVERWORKED MEN.
Dr. J. C. Wilson, Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have used it as a general tonic, and in particular in the debility and dyspepsia of overworked men, with satisfactory results."—[*Adv.*]

PROF. DOREMUS ON TOILET SOAPS:
"*You have demonstrated that a* Perfectly *pure soap may be made. I, therefore, cordially commend to ladies and to the community in general the employment of your pure 'La Belle' toilet soap over any adulterated article.*"
Chas. S. Higgins' "La Belle" Bouquet Toilet Soap Being made from choicest stock, with a *large percentage* of Glycerine, is specially adapted for Toilet, Bath, and Infants.—[*Adv.*]

IT IS A GREAT SATISFACTION
To patronize a drug-store like Riker's, where you can implicitly rely on everything being of the Best and Purest, and likewise upon the representations of the salesmen; and at the same time feel assured that you are buying at the Lowest Possible Prices consistent with the Best.
Riker's Drug Store, No. 353 Sixth Avenue, is, without doubt, the most popular and reliable in the city. —[*Adv.*]

Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod-Liver Oil with Hypophosphites *is excellent in lung troubles.*—Dr. Enoch Calloway, La Grange, Ga., says: I have used Scott's Emulsion with wonderful success in all lung troubles, also find it has no equal in summer diarrhœa of children."—[*Adv.*]

CURE FOR THE DEAF.
Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums Perfectly Restore the Hearing and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable, and always in position. All conversation, and even whispers, heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book of testimonials, Free. F. Hiscox, 853 B'way, N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

Angostura Bitters were prepared by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert for his private use. Their reputation is such to-day that they have become generally known as the best appetizing tonic. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Breakfast Cocoa.
Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa,* from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

To Embroider
CRAZY QUILTS,
Get Brainerd & Armstrong's factory ends, called Waste Embroidery. 40c. will buy one ounce, which would cost One Dollar in Skeins. All good silk and beautiful colors. Designs for 100 styles of Crazy Stitches enclosed in each package. Send 40 cts. in stamps or postal note to THE BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG SPOOL SILK CO., 621 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.; or, 469 Broadway, N.Y.

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Leading Nos.: 048, 14, 130, 135, 333, 161.
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Works: Camden, N. J. 26 John St., New York.

DEAFNESS its CAUSES and CURE, by one who was deaf twenty-eight years. Treated by most of the noted specialists of the day with no benefit. *Cured himself* in three months, and since then hundreds of others by same process. A plain, simple and successful home treatment. Address T. S. PAGE, 128 East 26th St., New York City.

A PRIZE Send six cents for postage, and receive, free, a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. Terms mailed free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

PARIS DRESSES AND MANTLES.
MADAME JOSEPHINE GILLES ET CIE.,
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Many Years with MAISON LAUR.
English well Spoken.

HIRES' IMPROVED ROOT BEER. Packages, 25 cts. Makes 5 gallons of a delicious, sparkling, and wholesome beverage. Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents. C. E. HIRES, 48 N. Delaware Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

Scrofula
Is one of the most fatal scourges which afflict mankind. It is often inherited, but may be the result of improper vaccination, mercurial poisoning, uncleanliness, and various other causes. Chronic Sores, Ulcers, Abscesses, Cancerous Humors, and, in some cases, Emaciation, and Consumption, result from a scrofulous condition of the blood. This disease can be cured by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.
I inherited a scrofulous condition of the blood, which caused a derangement of my whole system. After taking less than four bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla I am
Entirely Cured
and, for the past year, have not found it necessary to use any medicine whatever. I am now in better health, and stronger, than ever before.—O. A. Willard, 218 Tremont st., Boston, Mass.
I was troubled with Scrofulous Sores for five years; but, after using a few bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the sores healed, and I have now good health.—Elizabeth Warnock, 54 Appleton street, Lowell, Mass.
Some months ago I was troubled with Scrofulous Sores on my leg. The limb was badly swollen and inflamed, and the sores discharged large quantities of offensive matter. Every remedy failed, until I used Ayer's Sarsaparilla. By taking three bottles of this medicine the sores have been entirely healed, and my health is fully restored. I am grateful for the good this medicine has done me.—Mrs. Ann O'Brian, 158 Sullivan st., New York.
Ayer's Sarsaparilla,
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

LEA & PERRINS'
SAUCE
(The Worcestershire)
Imparts the most delicious taste and zest to
EXTRACT of a LETTER from a MEDICAL GENTLEMAN at Madras, to his brother at WORCESTER, May, 1851.
"Tell LEA & PERRINS' that their sauce is highly esteemed in India, and is in my opinion, the most palatable, as well as the most wholesome sauce that is made."

SAUCE
LEA & PERRINS

SOUPS,
GRAVIES,
FISH,
HOT & COLD MEATS,
GAME,
WELSH-RAREBITS,
&c.
Lea & Perrins
Signature is on every bottle of the genuine,
JOHN DUNCANS' SONS, N. Y.,
AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES.

BABY
HUMORS,
Skin Blemishes
AND
BIRTH MARKS
are cured by
Cuticura
FOR CLEANSING THE SKIN and Scalp of Infantile and Birth Humors, for allaying Itching, Burning, and Inflammation, for curing the first symptoms of Eczema, Psoriasis, Milk Crust, Scald Head, Scrofula, and other inherited skin and blood diseases.
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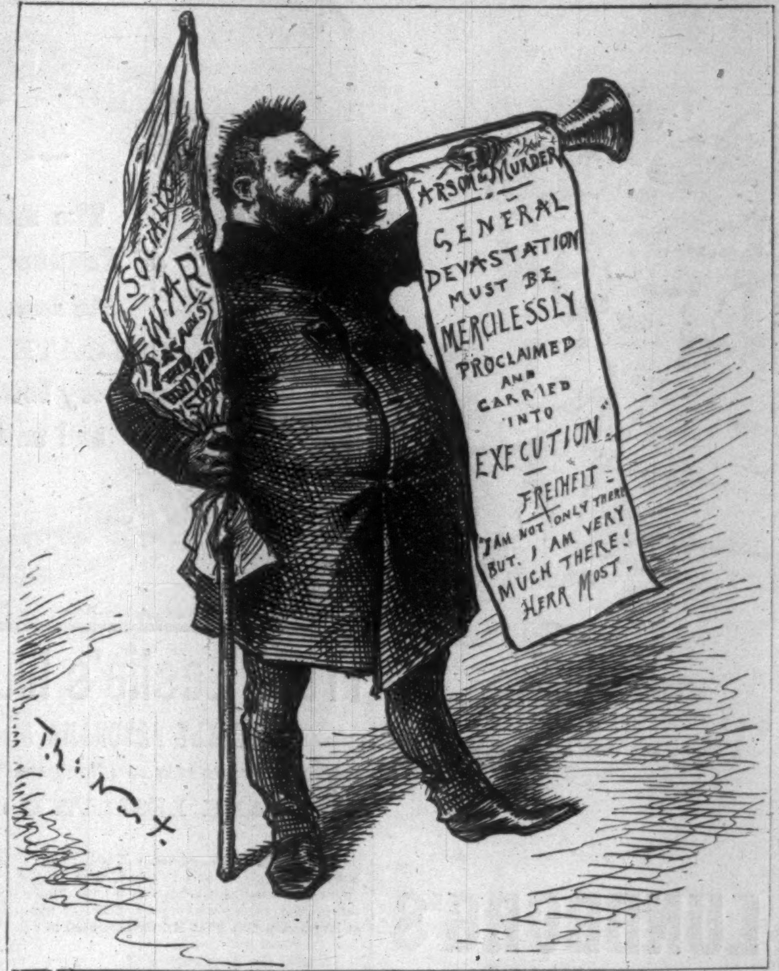
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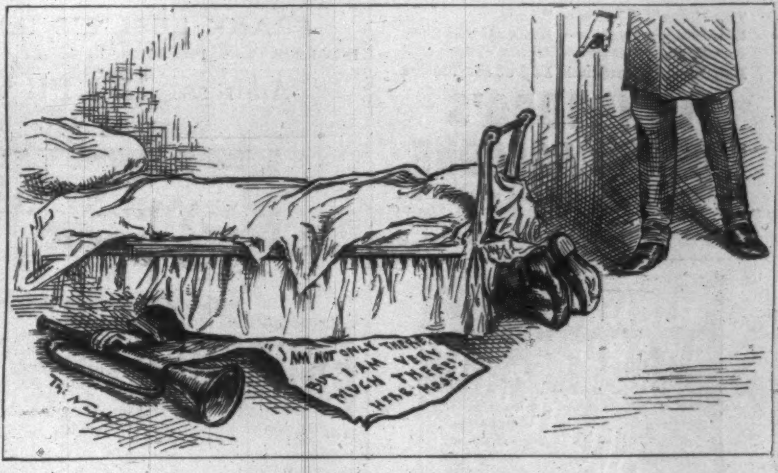
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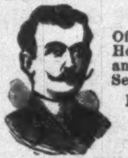

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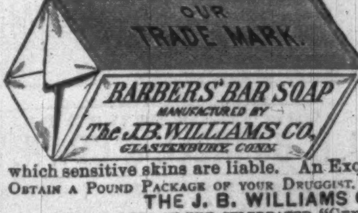
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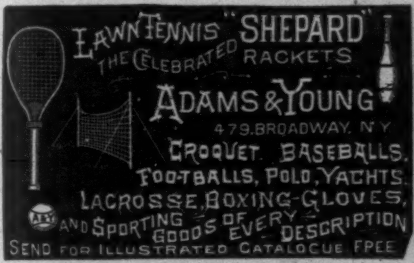

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